THE SPORTING MAGAZINE,

OR,

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS of the TURF, the CHACE,

And every other DIVERSION interefting to the MAN of PLEASURE, ENTERPRIZE and SPIRIT,

For JANUARY, 1798.

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Embellifhed with a beautiful Engraved Portrait of that celebrated Stallion, PHOSPHORUS; and the fecond Etching of Horfes—the CHARGER.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE drawing of a Harrier, as ſent us by a Correſpondent (E. A. S—y), is not touched with that preciſion, neceſſary to put into the hands of an Engraver; if the gentleman who ſent it, will furniſh us with the name of the Pack to which the Harrier belongs, and likewiſe give ſome particulars, to inform our readers why ſuch a Portrait is offered to their inſpection, the drawing ſhall be improved, and a plate engraved. On ſuch a ſimple and undiſguiſed ſubject, why need initials only be uſed? Perſonal communication would beſt facilitate the wiſhes of our Correſpondent, and a call in Warwick Square, be eſteemed a favour.

A Print of Colonel Thornton's Modiſh has already been given in our Magazine for March, 1796.

The Print of Copperbottom in our laſt, was as well engraved as that of Phoſphorus in the preſent Number; the bad effect to the eye of the former Engraving, is owing to the negligence of the Copper-plate Printer.

THE

Sporting Magazine,

For JANUARY 1798.

ROYAL CHACE.

THE Stag Hounds continuing to hunt the Heath only (in confequence of the unprecedented rottennefs of the furrounding country), and the place of turning out (Tower Hill) being invariably the fame, affords fo little opportunity for a recital of any thing *new*, that we omit a *full* account of *every* chace, till fuch change takes place as may render its progrefs matter of more general entertainment.

On Saturday January 6, his Majefty, attended by Lords Chefterfield and Cathcart, hunted with the ftag hounds.—The deer was turned out at Tower-hill, and after an excellent run, he was taken at Dawney Common, in Buckinghamfhire. When the deer croffed the Thames at Surly Hall, his Majefty and fuite left the chace, and returned to Windfor.

No hunting on Tuefday the 9th, on account of the froft; and on Saturday the 13th, the ground was fo much covered with fnow, that, though the King came to the Foreft, he did not hunt.

On Monday the 15th, his Majefty's harriers drew the neighbourhood of Cookham, and what is a very uncommon and moft extraordinary thing with fo perfect a pack, hunted a leafh of hares without a *death*.—No hunting on Tuefday the 16th.

On Saturday the 20th, the King hunted at Tower-hill: the deer made immediately for Swinley, and leaping a twelve feet fence, he got into the paddock from whence he had been taken in the morning. Another deer being turned out, went off in a good ftile by King's Beech, Broomhall, and by Sir Jofeph Mawbey's, at Botleys, to Woking-heath, in Surrey, where he was taken, after an excellent run of three hours.

His Majefty hunted at Tower-hill on Saturday the 27th; after a very good run of three hours, the deer was taken at Clewer.

[The perfon that fometimes fends an account of the King's hunt to an Evening Paper, can only be an *enquirer*, and not one of thofe who go *with the hounds*, or he would never fend fuch erroneous accounts to the paper alluded to.]

MISCELLANEOUS HUNTING INTELLIGENCE.

The Leicefterfhire hunt were never known to be in higher fea-

ther,

ther, than at this moment; Meſſrs. Cholmondeley, Forreſter, and R. Lambton, take the lead as good riders; the *light weights*, ſuch as Lords Villiers and Sackville, G. Germain, &c. come next, and are cloſely followed by the *ſhewy* riders, ſuch as Colonel Montgomery, who dreads a ſplaſh on his boots, leſt he ſhould not then look like the Duke of Hamilton, who is always *neat and clean*.

The Pycheley hunt is now carried on by Subſcription; Mr. Buller, Sir William Wake, and a few of the neighbouring gentlemen, endeavour to keep it up, with the aſſiſtance of Five Hundred Pounds per annum, from Lord Spencer, whoſe public ſituation will not permit him to enjoy his favourite ſport. His Lordſhip, however, generouſly gave the hounds and horſes, but alas! poor Dick Knight is, after five and twenty years ſervice as huntſman, diſmiſſed.

"*Othello's occupations gone.*"

BERKELEY HUNT.

On Monday the 15th, the Berkeley fox hounds threw off at the Golden Ball, near Maidenhead Thicket; after drawing the intervening coverts unkennelled at Aſſey Hill, when, after preſſing him cloſely for near an hour, he took refuge in a cottage where an old woman was employed in heating her oven, and preparing her *turnovers*, commonly called *apple-pies*. Here, in conſultation, it was humanely determined to grant him a reprieve, with ſufficient law to afford fair chance for his life; but the ſcent lay ſo well, and the hounds were in ſuch breaſt-high ſtile, that they ran into, and killed him, near Woolley Green, after a very good chace of an hour and twenty minutes.

CORBY HUNT.

Mr. Howard, of Corby, who had been abſent for a long time, attending his duty as a military officer, having obtained leave to viſit his delightful ſeat near Carliſle, on Thurſday the 28th ult. gave a hunt and entertainment, in the true ſtyle of an Old Engliſh Chriſtmas Meeting.—About half paſt nine, in the morning, ſeveral hundreds of people aſſembled on the Caſtle Green, purſuant to invitation; where they were joined by great numbers more from the neighbouring villages, in order to view the hunt, amounting, on the whole, to about a hundred horſemen, and from five to ſix hundred on foot. A large quantity of fine old ale was diſtributed amongſt them, and muſic played till half paſt ten, when a buck, given to Mr. Howard by the Duke of Norfolk, for the purpoſe, was turned out, and afforded tolerable ſport.—Hare hunting filled up the reſt of the day.—In the evening, about five hundred people (the farmers, tenants, land-holders, and houſeholders belonging to the manor, with their families, on a general invitation) partook of a plentiful ſupper in the great hall and rooms adjoining: after which, dancing commenced; and the greateſt conviviality prevailed till a late hour on Friday morning, in the good old ſpirit of Engliſh hoſpitality, and with all the merriment which mutual good-will and good liquor inſpire.

THE NEW PLAY.

KNAVE OR NOT.

A New Comedy, called "*Knave or Not*," was performed the first time at Drury-lane Theatre, on Thursday night, January 25, and is generally understood to be the production of Mr. Holcroft.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sir Guy Taunton	*Mr. Wroughton.*
Sir Job Ferment,	*Mr. Suet.*
Jonas Ferment,	*Mr. Bannister, jun*
Harry Monrose,	*Mr. Palmer.*
Oliver Ferment,	*Mr. Barrymore.*
Mr. Taunton,	*Mr. Wewitzer.*
Quake,	*Mr. Hollingsworth*
Susan Monrose,	*Mrs. Jordan.*
Lady Ferment,	*Miss Pope.*
Aurelia Roland,	*Miss De Camp.*
Mrs. Clack,	*Mrs. Walcot.*

Aurelia Roland is an orphan, and a wealthy heiress, who is wronged of her fortune by secret practices of her guardians, *Sir Job Ferment* and *Mr. Taunton*. *Quake*, who is an Attorney, and was the agent of this villainy, tattles about it to *Mrs. Clack*, a domestic of *Sir Job*; and *Harry Monrose*, who is the tutor of *Jonas Ferment*, having caught a hint of it from her loquacity, contrives by the same means to make himself master of the fact, and comes to the knowledge also of *Quake*, being the agent in the affair. *Harry Monrose* is a young man (the son of a country Curate) of a bold, aspiring temper, and of very loose principles. He is no sooner master of the important secret than he conceives the design of marrying *Aurelia*, and unfolding the tale when it shall answer his purpose. Mean while, he probes *Sir Job*, *Mr. Taunton*, and *Quake*, with a masterly spirit, till he is completely assured of the truth of the tale, and they are perfectly in his power. He also discovers a frailty of *Lady Ferment*, who had not been over prudent in an amour. He therefore lords it over the whole house. He introduces his sister *Susan*, with the design of marrying her to *Jonas Ferment*, and even compels *Lady Ferment* to receive her as a visitor. He causes *Aurelia* to be placed in the house as *Lady Ferment's* companion. He opens part of his designs to *Susan*; and she, innocent and tender-hearted, fears they are not so fair as he could persuade her. Feeling an affectionate sympathy for *Aurelia*, she discovers to her that her situation in the house is dangerous from more quarters than one; for she overhears some conversation between *Sir Job* and *Mr. Taunton*, which leads her to suppose they intend something even of a desperate nature against *Aurelia*, for their own security. *Aurelia* is prevailed on to fly from the house, and *Sir Guy Taunton* (the brother of *Mr. Taunton*), an old Baronet of a large estate, and of a noble and generous heart, takes her under his protection. *Harry Monrose* is frantic when he sees his prey diverted from his snares; he therefore compels his sister to return to a lodging she was in for two days before he introduced her to *Sir Job's* family; and having seized upon *Aurelia*, he forces her to the same place here. He unfolds the story of her wealth to her, and declaring a passion for her, demands her hand. She rejects him with disdain, not only because she had already given her heart to *Oliver*, a neglected son of *Sir Job*, but for his unworthy proceedings. She is, however, absolutely in his power, when both *Oliver* and *Jonas* rush into the room to her rescue, the latter being apprized of her danger by *Susan*. *Harry Monrose*, all his schemes being defeated, acts

acts with desperation, and hastens to avow his own turpitude, together with that of the guardians of *Aurelia*, in the presence of *Sir Guy*, and all the parties intended to be affected by it.

The piece concludes with the union of *Susan* and *Jonas*, and of *Aurelia* and *Oliver*.

The author of this Comedy has undertaken a most laborious and a most perilous task, to strip vice of those gaudy trappings which are, unhappily for frail humanity, too apt to impose on the vulgar mind, and to cleanse the foul world of many infectious crimes that pollute it.

In the grave and sententious scenes, his language is elegant, vigorous and animated. It appals the conscience of delinquency, and blasts with irresistible force the daring designs of villainy.

The fable, which may be considered as the soul of dramatic composition, abounds in the deepest interest, and is managed with a considerable degree of skill.

But in doing impartial justice to the Author, we must admit that in the light diction, and comic manners of the piece, he, by no means, attained that perfection, which was so conspicuous in the bold terrific colouring of the serious parts.

The Author must excuse one remark which we shall make. Artists occasionally labour in partnership; —"the sky and landscape is painted by Mr. ———, the figures by Mr. ———." Now if Mr. Holcroft could have obtained a good partner, and let it have been said, "the serious parts by Mr. Holcroft, and the comic by Mr. Somebody else," the piece would have wanted nothing of the excellence necessary to a perfect drama.

The play was in general well acted.

The house was exceedingly crowded before the curtain drew up. In the third act there was great opposition to the piece, but it was almost wholly owing to the extreme rigour of the satire, and the supposed political tendency of some of the sentiments.—An epilogue, spoken by Mrs. Jordan, however, brought the greater part of the enemies of the play into good humour, and it was given out for the next night.

On the second performance, on Friday night, immediately after the prologue, Mr. Wroughton came forward and read a paper from the Author, in which he stated that the allusions of his piece were general, and not applicable to any particular persons or circumstances, he therefore claimed the indulgence of the audience, that the comedy might be heard throughout.

It was heard throughout, and announced for a third representation, none opposing, but those whose quick sense could not bear the severity of the satire.

SENTENCE OF THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH, UPON WILLIAM OLDFIELD, FOR KEEPING A GAMING HOUSE.

THURSDAY, January 25, William Oldfield was brought into Court to receive judgment for keeping a gaming-house.

He was addressed by Mr. Justice Ashhurst as follows:—"William Oldfield, you have been tried and found guilty on an indictment, charging you with publicly keeping a common gaming house, and suffering people of different descriptions to resort to it for the purpose of

of playing at unlawful games. As you have been juſtly found guilty, it becomes my province to paſs the judgment of the law upon you for your offence; I have already had an opportunity, on a recent occaſion, of enlarging on the pernicious and deſtructive tendency of the deteſtable vice of gaming, and of expreſſing the determined reſolution of this Court to ſuppreſs it; I therefore do not think it neceſſary again to enter on thoſe topics; but as you have made an affidavit in an anſwer to a charge brought againſt you ſubſequent to your having been found guilty, it is neceſſary I ſhould make a few obſervations on that ſubject. The charge was, that ſince you have been found guilty of this offence, for which you are now to receive judgment, you had a ſecond time been a delinquent. In anſwer to this, you made an affidavit, ſtating you never had kept a gaming-houſe ſince the time you were found guilty; and that at the ſuppoſed time when you was charged with being in one, you was not there for the purpoſe of gaming, but that you went in order to demand a debt due to you from the perſon who kept it, and that not finding him at home, you ſtaid till he came back, and that in conſequence of his not returning, you ſtaid till a late hour. In this account you have been in ſome reſpect confirmed by a perſon who has ſworn you entruſted him with the note for the money you alledged in your affidavit was due to you, and that he carried the note to demand payment. The perſon alſo ſwears to the identity of the note. Now you having ſworn to this circumſtance, and your oath having been ſo corroborated, the Court is bound to give it ſome degree of faith and credence. But we will ſuppoſe that the whole of it is ſtrictly true; it then goes no farther than this, that it can only have the effect of ſcreening you from puniſhment for your ſuppoſed ſubſequent delinquency, but it cannot entitle you to any mitigation of puniſhment for the offence of which you have been found guilty. You have added another thing in your affidavit, to which I muſt advert, you have ſtated that you have been afflicted with a dangerous complaint on your lungs, which muſt endanger your exiſtence, in caſe you are ſubjected to impriſonment. If that is the caſe, I cannot help obſerving, that with ſuch a complaint as you ſay you labour under, the way of life you have voluntarily made choice of, was not the beſt calculated to effect a cure of it; and ſurely a gaming-houſe, where the rooms are cloſe and full of people, ſitting up till one or two in the morning, muſt be infinitely worſe for your complaint than confinement in a wholeſome priſon, for ſuch is the priſon to which you will be ſent. From the report we have had of it, we find, that thoſe who have been ſent there ſick have ſoon recovered, and that thoſe who have been well when they entered it, have returned ſtill more healthy than when they went there. You ſay you have not money to pay a fine; it is, however, neceſſary for the public good that offences of this nature ſhould not go unpuniſhed; and if any bad effects ſhould reſult from your impriſonment, you will have brought them on yourſelf, and will have yourſelf alone to blame. It is now my duty to pronounce the ſentence of the Court, which is, "That you be impriſoned in the Houſe of Correction for the county of Middleſex, at Clerkenwell, for the ſpace of one year, and after the expiration of that period, you give ſecurity for your good behaviour for ſeven years, on your own recognizance for Five Hundred Pounds."

GAM-

GAMING DEBT.

Court of King's Bench.

MOORE, *v.* HANKEY.

FRIDAY, January 26, Mr. Gibbs moved, on the part of the defendant, Hankey, for a rule to shew cause why the execution should not be set aside, and warrant of attorney delivered up. The learned counsel stated, that his client was a young man, but just turned of one and twenty, who had been induced by the plaintiff to play at back-gammon, at which he had lost the sum of Fourteen Thousand Pounds, which he considered himself bound in honour to pay, and had therefore given a warrant of attorney for the sum, but judgment had not been entered up. Since that time an enquiry had been instituted at the Horse Guards on Mr. M's. conduct, which convincing the defendant that he had not been fairly dealt with, induced him to make this application, considering it as by no means derogatory to his character, nor inconsistent with the maxims of that fair and upright conduct which was implanted in the breast of every man of honour.—Rule granted.

ASSAULT AT A BILLIARD TABLE.

Court of Common Pleas.

PITTER *v.* COLONEL FITZROY.

JANUARY 26.

THIS was a cause which much attracted the attention of the Court. The action was brought to recover from Colonel Fitzroy a satisfaction in damages for a violent assault at a billiard-table in Eastbourn.

It appeared in evidence that, on the third of August last, the plaintiff and defendant were at the Library at Eastbourn. In this Library there was a billiard-table. Mr. North (the Bishop of Winchester's son) and other gentlemen were present. The plaintiff, who was a German, (and who had been a gentleman's servant) played several games with the Colonel. A dispute took place respecting the laws of the game, in the course of which the plaintiff contradicted the defendant. The Colonel asked him how he dared to contradict a gentleman, and then beat him in so violent a manner, that he was under a surgeon's hands, and kept his bed for several days.

The defence to this action was, that the plaintiff had used very provoking language to the defendant, and that he had brought the assault upon himself by his insolent behaviour.

The learned Judge lamented that gentlemen of fortune and family should play with such men as the plaintiff. If they chose to make any men their companions, and get into *scrapes*, they must abide the consequences. The plaintiff was entitled to a verdict, with reasonable damages.

Verdict for the plaintiff—Damages Ten Pounds.

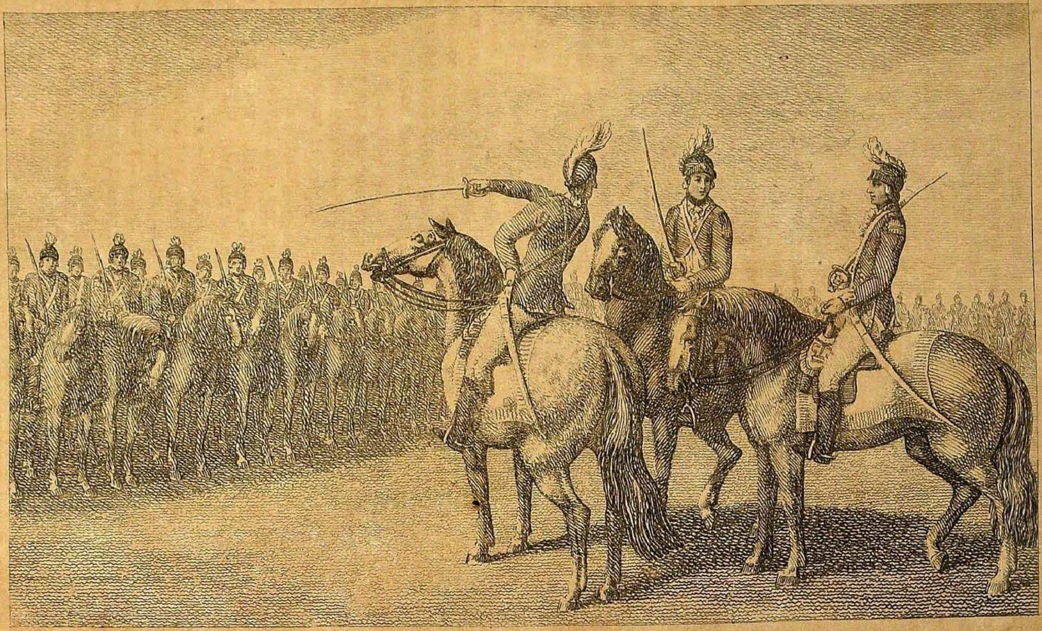
THE CHARGER.

FRONTING this page is placed the Etching, under which is written

THE CHARGER,

Being the second plate of Horses of different breeds, and appropriated to different purposes in this country.

THE



THE CHARGER.

Publish'd Febʸ 2-1798, by J. Wheble, Warwick Court.

THE HORSE FROM BUFFON'S NATURAL HISTORY.

Translated from the French.

(Continued from page 121.)

BARBARY horses are more common. They have a long fine neck, not overcharged with hair, and well divided from the withers. The head is small and beautiful. The ears are handsome and properly placed, the shoulders are light and flat. The withers are thin and well raised. The back is strait and short. The flank and sides are round, and the belly not too large. The haunch-bones are properly concealed; the crupper is somewhat long, and the tail placed rather high The thigh is well formed, and rarely flat. The limbs are fine, handsome, and not hairy. The tendon is prominent, and the foot well made; but the pastern is often long. They are of all colours, but generally grayish. In their movements, they are apt to be careless, and required to be checked. They are swift, nervous, light, and make extremely fine hunters. These horses appear to be the most proper for improving the breed. Their stature, however, is not so large as could be wished. They are seldom above four feet eight inches, and never exceed four feet nine *. It is confirmed, by repeated experience, that, in France, England, &c. they produce foals which grow larger than their parents. Of the Barbary horses, those of the kingdom of Morocco are said to be the best, and next to these are the Barbs from the mountains. The horses of Mauritania are of an inferior quality, as well as those of Turkey, Persia, and Armenia. All the horses of warm climates have smoother and shorter hair than those of other countries. The Turkish horses are not so well proportioned as the Barbs. Their necks are generally slender, their bodies long, and their legs too thin. They are however excellent travellers, and have a long wind. It will not be thought surprising, that the bones of animals are harder in warm than in cold climates. It is for this reason that, though they have thinner shank bones than the horses of this country, their limbs are stronger.

The Spanish horses, which hold the second rank after the Barbs, have a long, thick, hairy neck. The head is rather gross and fleshy. The ears are long, but well situated. The eyes are full of fire, and their air is bold and noble. The shoulders are thick, and the chest broad. The reins are often a little low, the sides round, and the belly frequently too big. The crupper is generally round and large, though in some it is rather long. The limbs are fine and not hairy; the tendons of the legs are prominent; the pastern is sometimes too long, like that of the mules; and the heel is often too high. The Spanish horses of the best race are thick, plump, and of a low stature. Their movements are likewise quick and supple; and they are remarkable for spirit and boldness. Their colour is commonly black, or a dark chesnut, though they are to be found of all colours. Their noses and limbs are seldom white. These marks are disliked by the Spaniards, who never breed from those which have such characters. Their favourite mark is a star in the fore-head; and they esteem a horse without a single spot, as much as we despise him. Both of these prejudices, though opposite to each other, are perhaps equally ill-founded; for we find excellent horses with all kinds of marks, or with no marks whatever. These little differences in the

* Fourteen hands and a half.

the coats of horses seems to have no dependence on their dispositions or internal constitution, but take their rise from external circumstances*; for a slight wound on the skin produces a white spot. Besides Spanish horses, of whatever kind, are all marked in the thigh, with the signature of the stud from which they were taken. They are generally of a small stature, though some of them are four feet nine or ten inches†. Those of Upper Andalusia, are said to be the best, though their heads be often too long. But their other rare and excellent qualities make this fault insignificant. They are obedient, courageous, graceful, spirited, and more docile than the Barbs. For these talents they are preferred to all the horses of the world, for the purposes of war, of pomp, or of the menage.

The finest English horses, in their conformation, resemble those of Arabia and Barbary, from which they originally sprung. Their heads, however, are too large, though handsome; and their ears are too long, but well situated. By the ears alone, an English horse may be distinguished from a Barb. But the great difference lies in their stature; for the English horses are much larger and plumper, being commonly four feet ten, and even five feet high‡. They are of all colours, and distinguished by every sort of mark. They are generally strong, vigorous, hardy, capable of enduring much fatigue, and excellent either for hunting or the course. But they want grace and docility; they are stiff, and have little play in their shoulders.

The English race-horses are extremely fleet, and are managed with great dexterity by their riders. I cannot give a better example than by relating the substance of a letter I received from a respectable nobleman*, dated *London*, *Feb.* 18, 1748. Mr. Thornhill, post-master of Stilton, laid a bet, that he would ride three times the road from Stilton to London, or 215 English miles, in 15 hours. He set out from Stilton on the 29th day of April 1745, and, after mounting eight different horses on the road, arrived at London in three hours fifty-one minutes. He instantly set off from London, and, having mounted only six horses, he reached Stilton in three hours fifty-two minutes. For the third course, he used seven of the same horses, and finished it in three hours forty-nine minutes. So that he not only gained his bet, but, instead of fifteen hours, he had performed what he had undertaken in eleven hours thirty-two minutes. I suspect that no example of such fleetness was ever exhibited at the Olympic games.

The Italian horses were formerly much handsomer than they are now; because, for some time past, the breed has been neglected. However, the Neapolitan horses are still excellent for carriages. But, in general, they have large heads and thick necks; they are also untractable, and, of course, not easily managed. These defects are compensated by the stateliness of their form, by their high spirit, and by the gracefulness of their motions.

The Danish horses, both on account of size and beauty, are preferred

* This is, perhaps, not altogether true; for it is generally remarked, that white or light coloured animals are not so strong and hardy as those of darker colours. It is found by experience, that those legs of horses which have much white upon them, are aptest to swell and turn greasy; and the white spots occasioned by wounds seem to indicate a particular weakness in the parts.

† Fourteen hands a half.

‡ Fifteen hands high.

* The Earl of Morton.

ferred to all others for carriages. Some of them are perfect models; but their number is small: for most of them are not very regularly formed, having thick necks, gross shoulders, backs too long and too low, and cruppers too narrow in proportion to the thickness of their fore parts. But they are all graceful in their movements; and, in general, they are excellent for war and for pomp. They are of all colours; and the tiger-spotted horses are peculiar to Denmark.

Germany produces very fine horses: but, though generally bred from Barbary, Turkish, Spanish, and Italian horses, most of them are heavy and short-winded; and therefore ill qualified for hunting or coursing. The horses of Hungary and Transylvania, on the contrary, are light and nimble. To prevent their neighing in time of war, and also, it is said, to improve their wind, the Hungarians slit the nostrils of their horses. I have never had an opportunity of ascertaining the fact, that horses, whose nostrils are slit, lose the power of neighing. But I should rather imagine, that this operation only renders their neighing more feeble. It is remarked of the Hungarian, Croatian, and Polish horses, that they are noted for retaining what is called the *mark* in their teeth till they be very old.

The Dutch horses answer very well for drawing coaches, and are commonly used in France for that purpose. The best kind are brought from the province of Friesland: those of Bergue and Juliers are also very good. The Flemish horses are much inferior to the Dutch. Almost the whole of them have large heads, and broad feet; and their legs are subject to humours. These two last faults render them very unfit for carriages.

In France, there are horses of all kinds; but few of them are handsome. The best saddle-horses are brought from the Limosin. They resemble the Barbs, and are excellent for the chace. But they grow very slowly, require much care when young, and must not be used till they arrive at the age of eight years. There are likewise good ponies in Auvergne, Poitou, and Burgundy. But next to the Limosin, Normandy furnishes the finest horses. They are not so good for the chace, but they make better war-horses. They are plump, and soon acquire their full growth. Good coach-horses, lighter and more alert than those of Holland, are bred in Lower Normandy and Cotentin. Franche-Comté and the Boulonnois furnish us with very good draught-horses. In general, the French horses have their shoulders too wide, while those of the Barb are too narrow.

Having described those horses with which we are best acquainted, we shall now give the relations of travellers concerning foreign horses, of which we have little knowledge. There are good horses in all the islands of the Archipelago. Among the ancients, the horses of Crete were in high estimation for agility and swiftness *. However, horses are now little used in that island, on account of the ruggedness of the country, which is every where mountainous and full of inequalities. The best horses in these islands, and even in Barbary, are of the Arabian race. The native horses of the kingdom of Morocco are much smaller than those of Arabia, but very nimble and vigorous †. Mr. Shaw alledges ‡, that the breed of Egypt and of Tingitania is superior to those of the neighbouring countries; and yet, more than a century ago, ex-

* Descrip. des Isles de l'Archipel. par Dapper, p. 462.

† L'Afrique de Marmol, tom. ii. p. 124.

‡ See Shaw's Travels.

cellent horſes were found throughout all Barbary: theſe Barbary horſes, he ſays, never ſtumble; and they ſtand ſtill when the rider diſmounts, or drops the bridle. They walk very faſt, and gallop with great rapidity; but they are never allowed to trot or amble, theſe movements being conſidered by the natives as rude and vulgar. He adds, that the Egyptian horſes are ſuperior to all others both in ſtature and in beauty. But theſe Egyptian, as well as moſt of the horſes of Barbary, ſprung originally from the Arabians, which are unqueſtionably the handſomeſt horſes in the world.

According to Marmol *, or rather Leo Africanus †, whom Marmol has copied almoſt verbatim, the Arabian horſes are deſcended from the wild horſes in the deſerts of Arabia, of which ſtuds were formed very anciently, and which multiplied ſo greatly, as to ſpread over all Aſia and Africa. They are ſo ſwift as to out-run the oſtrich. The Arabs of the deſert and the people of Lybia rear numbers of theſe horſes for the chace. They never uſe them either in war, or for travelling. They paſture them as long as the graſs remains, and, when it fails, they feed them with dates and camel's milk, which make them nervous, light, and meagre. They catch the wild horſes in ſnares, and, when young, they eat their fleſh, which they eſteem as very delicate food. Theſe wild horſes are ſmall, and commonly of an aſh-colour, though ſome of them are white; and the hair of the mane and tail is ſhort and criſped. Curious relations, concerning the Arabian horſes, are given by other travellers ‡, of which I ſhall only mention ſome of the principal facts.

There is not an Arabian, however poor, who has not his horſes. The Arabs generally ride upon mares, having learned from experience, the mares endure fatigue, hunger, and thirſt, better than horſes. Theſe mares are ſo gentle, that, though numbers of them are often left together for whole days, they never ſtrike or do each other the ſmalleſt injury. The Turks, on the contrary, are not fond of mares; but they purchaſe from the Arabs thoſe horſes which they intend not to uſe as ſtallions. The Arabs preſerve with great care, and for an amazing length of time, the races of their horſes. They know all their alliances and genealogies *; and they diſtinguiſh

* L'Afrique de Marmol, tom. i. p. 50.

† Leo Afric. de Africæ Deſcript. tom. ii. p. 750.

‡ Voyage de M. de la Roque, p. 194. et l'Hiſt. Generale des Voyages, tom. ii. p. 626.

* The tranſlator here preſents the reader with an original atteſtation, ſome of which, M. D'Arvieux ſays, have been preſerved for above 500 years in the public records.

Taken before ABDORRAMAN, KADI OF ACCA.

The occaſion of this preſent writing or inſtrument is, that, at ACCA, in the houſe of Badi, legal eſtabliſhed judge, appeared in Court, Thomas Uſgate the Engliſh conſul, and with him Sheikh Morad Ebn al Hajj Abdollah, Sheikh of the county of Safad; and the ſaid conſul deſired, from the aforeſaid Sheikh, proof of the race of the gray horſe which he bought of him, and he affirmed to be Monaki Shaduhi †; but he was not ſatisfied with this, but deſired the teſtimony of the Arabs who bred the horſe, and knew how he came to Sheikh Morad; whereupon there appeared certain Arabs of repute, whoſe names are undermentioned, who teſtified and declared, that the gray horſe which the conſul formerly bought of Sheikh Morad, is Monaki Shaduhi, of the pure race of horſes, purer than milk ‡; and that the beginning of the affair was, that Sheikh Saleh, Sheikh of Alſabal, bought him of the Arabs, of the tribe of al Mohammadat, and Sheikh Saleh ſold him to Sheik Morad Ebn al Hajj Abdollah, Sheikh of Safad, and Sheikh Morad

† Theſe are the names of the two breeds of Arab horſes, which are reckoned pure and true, and thoſe which are of both theſe breeds by father and mother, are the moſt noble and free from baſtardy.

‡ A proverbial expreſſion.

distinguish their races into three different classes. The first, which are of a pure and ancient race on both sides, they call nobles; the second are therefore of an ancient race, but have been degraded by vulgar alliances; and the third class consists of their common horses. The latter sell at a low price. But those of the first class, and even of the second, among which some individuals are not inferior to the nobles, are excessively dear. Mares of the noble class are never permitted to be covered but by horses of the same quality. The Arabs, by long experience, know all the races of their horses, as well as those of their neighbours. They know their names, sirnames, colours, peculiar marks, &c. When a family have no noble stallions, they borrow one of a neighbour to cover their mares, which is performed in presence of witnesses, who gave an attestation of it, signed and sealed, before the secretary of the Emir, or some other public person. This attestation contains the horse and mare, and a complete history of their pedigrees. When the mare has foaled, witnesses are again called, and another attestation is made, including a description of the foal, and the day of its birth. These attestations enhance the value of their horses, and they are always delivered to the purchasers. The smallest mares of this first class are worth 500 crowns; and many of them sell at 1000 crowns; and even higher prices are sometimes given. As the Arabs live in tents, these tents serve them likewise for stables. The mare and her foal, the husband and his wife and children, sleep together promiscuously. The infants often lie on the body, or on the neck of the mare or foal, without receiving any injury from these animals, which seem afraid to move, lest they should hurt the children. These mares are so accustomed to society, that they submit to every kind of familiarity. The Arabs never beat their mares; but treat them gently, and talk and reason with them. They are so careful of them as to allow them always to walk, and never spur them, unless the occasion be very urgent. Hence, whenever the creatures perceive the rider's heel make an approach to their sides, they instantly set off with incredible swiftness, and leap hedges and ditches as nimbly as stags. If their rider chances to fall, they are so well trained, that they stop short, even in the most rapid gallop. All the Arabian horses are of a middle stature, very easy in their carriage, and rather meagre than fat. They are dressed every morning and evening with so much care, that not a spot of dirt is left on their skin, and their legs, mane, and tail, are washed. Their tails are allowed to grow long; and the comb is seldom used, to prevent the hair from being broken. During the day, they are not permitted to eat; but are watered twice or thrice. At sun-set, a bag, containing about half a bushel of barley, is passed over their heads, and fastened to the neck. This bag is not removed till next morning, when the barley is entirely consumed. In the month of March, when the grass is good, they are turned out to pasture. This is also the season in which the mares are covered; and, on these occasions, water is employed in the same manner

Morad sold him to the consul aforesaid; when these matters appeared to us, and the contents were known, the said gentleman desired a certificate thereof, and testimony of the witnesses, whereupon we wrote him this certificate, for him to keep as a proof thereof. Dated Friday 28 of the latter Rabi in the year 1135.

Witnesses,

Sheikh Jamat al Falibau of the Arabs of al Mohammadat.
Ali Ebn Taleb al Kaabi.
Ibrahim his Brother.
Mohammed al Adbra Sheikh Alfarifat.
Khamis al Kaabi.

PENNANT'S ZOOLOGY.

manner as in other countries. After the ſpring is paſt, the horſes are taken from the paſture; and, during the reſt of the year, they are allowed neither graſs nor hay, and rarely ſtraw, barley being their only food. At the age of a year or ten months, the Arabians cut the manes of their foals, with a view to make them grow long and buſhy. When two years, or two years and a half old, they are mounted, having never, before that period, been either ſaddled or bridled. Every day, from morning to night, all the Arabian horſes ſtand ſaddled at the tent-doors.

This race of horſes is ſpread over all Barbary; and the great men among the Moors, and even among the Negroes along the rivers Gambia and Senegal, have Arabian horſes of great beauty. Inſtead of barley or oats, they are fed with maize, reduced to a powder, which is mixed with milk, when they require to be fattened. In this warm climate, they are allowed little water*. On the other hand, the Arabian horſes are diſperſed over Egypt, Turkey, and perhaps Perſia, where very conſiderable ſtuds were formerly kept. Marc Paul† mentions one of theſe ſtuds which contained ten thouſand white mares; and he ſays, that, in the province of Bolaſcia, there is a vaſt number of large nimble horſes, with hoofs ſo hard as to require no ſhoes.

(To be continued.)

* L'Hiſt. Generale des Voyages, tom. iii. p. 297.

† La Deſcript. Geog. de l'Inde, par Marc Paul, tom. i. p. 41. et liv. i. p. 21.

THE ART OF ANGLING.

RODS, LINES, HOOKS, &c.

(Continued from page 130.)

PROCURE a general rod, which is one that will ſerve for trolling, dibbling, and the ground; for the former purpoſe, ſmall braſs rings muſt be whipped all the way up it, at about a foot diſtance, for the trolling line to run through: it may likewiſe be bored in the ſtock to hold the tops you are not uſing, that which you uſe for the troll muſt be ſtrong, and have a ring on the top whipped on with a piece of quill, to prevent the line being cut, when the voracious pike runs off with your bait to its hold: one of the others muſt not be ſo ſtiff, which will ſerve for Carps, Tenches, &c. and the other fine and elaſtic for Dace and Roach fiſhing. Theſe kind of rods, which are called *bag-rods*, and go up in a ſmall compaſs, are to be had at all the fiſhing tackle ſhops in London; get likewiſe a good fly rod about fifteen feet long of the ſame kind.

Angling Line.—To make this line, firſt note, that you are to take care that your hair be round and clear, and free from galls, ſcales or frets, for a well choſen, even, clear round hair, of a kind of glaſs colour, will prove as ſtrong as three uneven ſcabby hairs; then put them in water for a quarter of an hour, when made into lengths, and you will thereby find which of them ſhrink; then twiſt them over again; ſome in the twiſting intermingle ſilk, which is erroneous, yet a line of all ſilk may do pretty well, though I prefer hair in every mode of angling, except trolling, and then a ſilk-line is beſt. Now the beſt colours for lines are ſorrel, white, and grey; the two laſt colours for clear waters, and the firſt for muddy waters; neither is the pale watery green deſpicable, which is made thus: put a pint of ſtrong allum water, half a pound of ſoot, a ſmall quantity of juice of walnut leaves into a pipkin, boil them about half an hour, then take it off the fire, and when it is cold ſteep your hairs in it: or elſe boil

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an handful of marygold flowers, with a quart of allum water, till a yellow ſcum ariſes, then take half a pound of green copperas, with as much verdigreaſe, and beat them together to a fine powder, and put them and the hair into the allum water, and let them lie in it ten hours or more, then take them out and let them dry. Hair is made brown by ſteeping it in ſalt and ale. The beſt way of forming the hair into lines, is with a new-invented engine, to be bought at any of the ſhops, and is to be uſed thus:—To twiſt links with this engine, take as many hairs as you intend each ſhall conſiſt of, and dividing them into three parts, tie each parcel to a bit of fine twine, about ſix inches long, doubled, and put through the hooks which impend from the machine: then take a piece of lead of a conical figure two inches high, and two in diameter at the baſe, with a hook at the *apex*, or point; tie your three parcels of hair into one knot, and to this by the hook hang the weight.

Laſtly. Take a common bottle cork, and into the ſides, at equal diſtances cut three grooves; and placing it ſo as to receive each diviſion of hairs, begin to twiſt. You will then find the links twiſt with great evenneſs at the lead: as it grows tighter ſhift the cork a little upwards, and when the whole is ſufficiently twiſted, take out the cork, and tie the links into a knot, and ſo proceed till you have twiſted links ſufficient for your line, obſerving to leſſen the number of hairs in each link, in ſuch proportion that the line may be taper.

Your links thus prepared, tie them together into a water knot; then cut off the ſhort ends, about a ſtraw's breadth from the knot, and then whip ſome waxed ſilk about the knots, which is much better than incloſing them with wax.

Never either at ground or fly angling fix any hooks to a line that conſiſts of more than three or four links at the moſt, but always make a ſmall loop at the top and bottom of your line; the uſe of the one is to faſten it to your rod, and of the other to affix or remove your *armed hooks*. The line ſhould always be leaded according to the rapidity, or quietneſs of the river you angle in, therefore as nearly as you can gueſs, always lead it in ſuch manner, as will ſink the bait to the bottom, and permit its motion, without any violent jogging on the ground. Carry the top of your rod even with your hand, beginning at the head of the ſtream, and letting the bait run downwards, as far as the rod and line will permit, the lead dragging and rolling on the ground. No more of the line muſt be in the water than will permit the lead to touch the bottom; for you are to keep the line as ſtrait as poſſible, yet ſo as not to raiſe the lead from the bottom. When you have a bite, you may perceive it by your hand and the point of your rod and line: then ſtrike gently and upwards, if you cannot tell which way the fiſh's head lies, but if you can, the contrary way from where it does; firſt allowing the fiſh, by a little ſlacking the line a ſmall time to pouch the bait. This is called angling by hand, and is very killing for trout, grayling, &c.

I ſhall treat of Float Fiſhing under the deſcription of each fiſh.

As for your Fiſhing Hooks, they ought to be made of the beſt tempered ſteel wire, longiſh in the ſhank, and ſomewhat thick in the circumference, the point even, and ſtrait, let the bending be in the ſhank. For ſetting on the hook, or more ſcientifically ſpeaking, *arming it*, uſe ſtrong but ſmall ſilk, lightly waxed with ſhoemaker's wax;

wax; and lay the hair on the inſide of the hook, for if it be on the outſide, the ſilk will fret and cut it aſunder. There are ſeveral ſizes of hooks, large ones and ſmall ones, made according to the fiſhes they are deſigned to take, which, when I come to treat of the different fiſh, the number of the hook proper for each will be fully expreſſed.

Floats for angling, are of divers kinds: ſome made of Muſcovy duck quills, which are the beſt for ſlow waters, but for ſtrong ſeams, ſound cork without flaws or holes, bored through with an hot iron, into which is put a quill of fit proportion, is preferable; pare the cork to a pyramidal form, grind it ſmooth with a pumice ſtone, then colour it according to your fancy. Floats, whether quill, or cork, muſt be ſo poiſed with ſhot, when on the line, as to make them cock, that is, ſtand perpendicular in the water, that the leaſt nibble, or bite may be apparent.

When a float is ſplit or bruiſed, there is no remedy for the miſchance, but getting a new one, but you may ſave the plug, and it will ſerve for another. But if the water gets in at the top of your float, a little ſealing-wax will prevent it: if the plug of your float is looſe, pull it out, and faſten it with one of the following cements:—

Take bees wax bruiſed ſmall, chalk ſcraped fine, and black roſin powdered, of each an equal quantity; melt them in a ſpoon, or any ſmall tin veſſel, and ſee that they are well mixed; or, take brick-duſt ſifted very fine, and common roſin pulveriſed; put one part of brick-duſt to two parts of roſin, and melt them as before directed; dip your plug in either of theſe, and put your float immediately upon it. When you join two floats together, let the plug be a little thicker in the middle than at the ends, which ends are to go into the quills: dip one end into the cement, and put one quill upon it; then do the like by the other, and you have a double float: or, you may make it by dipping the ends of both quills, when prepared, in the cement, and fixing them together, which when the cement is cold, will be very ſtrong.

To dye quills red, which for ſtill waters are better than any other floats, take what quantity you pleaſe of urine, and put in it as much powder of Brazilwood as will make it redden a piece of white paper; then take ſome clean water, into which put an handful of ſalt, and a little argol, and ſtir them till diſſolved; then boil them well in a ſauce-pan. When the water is cold, ſcrape your quills, and ſteep them in it for ten or twelve days, then dry them, and rub them with a linen cloth.

The materials moſt neceſſary for an angler to have out with him, and which may be all carried in his pockets, are, lines coiled up; ſpare links; two worm bags, one for brandlings, &c. and the other for lob-worms; a plummet to fix the depth of the water, of a pyramidal form; a gentle box; floats and ſpare caps; ſplit ſhot; ſhoemaker's wax in a piece of leather; ſilk; hooks, ſome whipped on, and ſome looſe; a clearing ring, which is of uſe to diſengage the hook when entangled; a landing net, to land large fiſh with, and which are made with joints to fold up in a ſmall compaſs. The diſgorger, which when a fiſh has gorged the hook, by putting it down his throat, till you touch the hook, at the ſame time pulling the line, it will eaſily come away.

(To be continued.)

REMARKS ON A NEW PUBLICATION, *entitled*, THE NATURAL HISTORY OF BRITISH BIRDS; *or, a Selection of the moſt rare, beautiful, and intereſting Birds which inhabit this Country; the Deſcriptions from the Syſtema Naturæ of Linnæus; with general Obſervations, either Original, or collected, from the lateſt and moſt eſteemed Engliſh Ornithologiſts; and embelliſhed with Figures, drawn, engraved, and coloured from the original Specimens. By E. Donovan. 2 vols. 8vo. 3l. Boards.* Rivingtons.

ORNITHOLOGY is a curious and an intereſting ſtudy. In ſearching the lofty haunts of Birds, there is much to entertain the mind; the great variety of their external ſtructure, the ſingularity of their different habits, and the richneſs of their plumage, all claim our admiration; nor is the ſubject leſs an object of inveſtigation to the philoſophical enquirer.

In collecting the materials that conſtitute the preſent work, Mr. Donovan has frequently availed himſelf of the labours of Buffon, Pennant, Latham, and ſome other writers on natural hiſtory; and if he had done it more fully, we cannot think that his performance would have been leſs valuable, or have afforded leſs entertainment.

Some of the deſcriptions are certainly too ſhort; and many of them contain very little that is either curious or intereſting.

In a few inſtances we hardly think him perfectly correct; but, in general, he has cloſely followed other naturaliſts. The inſtances to which we allude are theſe:—

In ſpeaking of the *motacilla flava*, or yellow wagtail, he obſerves, that it frequents moiſt meadows and corn fields in the ſummer, but migrates or ſhifts its ſituation in the winter. This, we have no doubt, is frequently the caſe; but we have alſo repeatedly met with theſe birds in the winter ſeaſon, even about the metropolis; and he, indeed, afterwards informs us, that Pennant ſays that it continues in Hampſhire the whole year.

The author is alſo miſinformed in reſpect to the *motacilla boarula*, or grey wagtail. We can aſſure him from our own obſervation, that theſe birds breed much farther to the South than Cumberland.

The colouring of the plates in ſome inſtances ſeems to be executed with care and attention; but in others we have noticed a conſiderable deviation from nature.

As a ſpecimen of the manner in which the work is drawn up, we ſhall give Mr. Donovan's deſcription of the *turdus roſeus*, which is very rare in this iſland.

" TURDUS ROSEUS.

ROSE-COLOURED THRUSH OR OUZEL.

PASSERES.

Bill conic, pointed. Noſtrils oval, broad, naked.

GENERIC CHARACTER.

Bill ſtrait, ſubulate, and ſomewhat angular.

SPECIFIC CHARACTER, AND *SYNONYMS.*

" Bill at the baſe reddiſh, at the point black. A long pendent creſt. Head, creſt, neck, wings, and tail, black, tinged with green purple. Breaſt, belly, and back, pale roſe-colour with dark ſpots; legs dirty orange.

Lin. Syſt. 1. *p.* 294. *No.* 15.
Faun. Suec. 219.
Nov. Com. Ac. Petrop. XV. *p.* 478. *t.* 23. *f.* 1.

STURNUS *Roſeus*, *Scop. ann.* 1. *p.* 130. *No.* 191.

Turdus *Seleucis*, *Faun. Arab. p.* 6. *a.*—*p.* 5. *No.* 16.

Le Merle couleur de Rose. *Bris. orn.* ii. *p.* 250. *No.* 20.

Buf. Ois. iii. *p.* 348. *t. pl.* 22.—*pl. enl.* 251.

Merula Rosea, *Raii. Syn. p.* 67, 9.

Aldr. av. II. 283.

Rose, or Carnation-coloured Ouzel. *Will. orn. p.* 194.

Edw. pl. 20.

Br. Zool. App. No. 5. *pl.* 5.

Ar. Zool.—*Lev. Mus.*

This species is very rare in every part of Europe; and especially in this country: we have a figure of it in the British Zoology; but unfortunately, notwithstanding Mr. Pennant's very laudable intentions, he had no opportunity of consulting the original specimen; he depended on a drawing done by his friend Mr. G. Edwards; and the copy is only a distant imitation of the bird; it is defective about the body, and exceedingly incorrect as to the circumference of the neck; the account says, "Mr. Edwards discovered this beautiful bird twice in our island, near London, at Norwood, and another time in Norfolk;" the figure of this was copied by permission from his beautiful and accurate design, which we gratefully acknowledge, as well as every other assistance from our worthy friend; whose pencil has done so much honour to his country.

"This bird is the size of a starling; eight inches in length: bill three quarters of an inch, of a flesh-colour, with the base reddish: irides pale: the feathers on the head long; they form a crest which impends on the neck: the head, neck, wings, and tail, are black; the two latter are strongly glossed with green; and in some parts with an inclination to blue and purple; the back, rump, breast, belly, and lesser wing coverts, pale rose colour, with a few irregular dark spots: legs pale red, or orange.

"Russel, in his History of Aleppo, calls our rose a flesh-colour; and in the Petersburgh Transactions the name given to it is *sanguineous*; we may then conclude that the bird varies much in its rose, or pink colour; the female also is paler than the male.

"Mr. Latham has added a farther proof of its being found in this country, one was shot at Grantham, in Lincolnshire, and is now in the possession of Sir Joseph Banks, Bart.; and he says that he is assured of one, or more, being shot almost every season about Ormskirk in Lancashire.

"It is more frequent in France; and is met with in Burgundy, in its passage to other parts: Aldrovandus mentions it as not uncommon in Italy, where it is called the sea stare, and says its usual haunts are among heaps of dung; it is also found in Switzerland and Lapland, but it never passes the limits of that frozen region.

"In some parts of Asia it is common: "It comes in great numbers about Aleppo, in July and August, in pursuit of the swarms of locusts; whence it is held sacred by the Turks, as great quantities are destroyed by this means: it is also seen in vast flocks, every year in the south of Russia; about the river Don; and in Siberia, about the Irtisch; finding abundance of locusts for food, and convenience for breeding between the rocks: it is also common on the borders of the Caspian Sea; about Astrachan; and from thence all along the Volga." Latham Gen. Syn. 3. 50. 52.

"It extends to India; Sir Joseph Banks has one in his collection which was received from Bombay." Vol. i. Plate III.

For

For the Sporting Magazine.

Anecdotes of Hunting, Ancient and Modern.

The ardour for prey has formed a kind of society between the dog, the horse, the falcon, and man, which began very early, which has never since ceased, and which probably will be permanent.

There is not a nation in which it is not be found necessary to restrain by laws, the ardour for hunting; so natural is this exercise to man, and so apt it is to degenerate into a passion, injurious both to health and to society.

Hunting was one of the first exercises of man: it was a kind of natural right, and was free to all. Every nation, however, has thought it necessary to fix restraints upon this liberty.

Solon, in order to prevent the Athenians from neglecting the mechanic arts, prohibited hunting; the passion for which they carried too far.

The ancestors of the French, who esteemed no other profession than that of arms, after their conquest of the Gauls, abandoned the culture of the land to the natives, and reserved hunting to themselves. It became then a noble exercise, and the principal amusement of Kings and Princes. The French Kings successively augmented their assumed rights in hunting; till Lewis XIV. at length by the edict of 1669, claimed to himself the primitive and sole right to that diversion, asserting, that none of the nobility of his kingdom had a right to hunt, without the permission he might grant them, whether by infeodation, concession, or privilege; and that he would be at liberty to restrain that right whenever he might think proper.

Nimrod, who reigned at Babylon, devoted himself to hunting, and delivered his subjects from the savage beasts that desolated the country. In the sequel, he easily made soldiers of his companions in the chace, and employed them in extending and establishing his conquests.

> Bold Nimrod first, the lion's trophies wore,
> The panther bound and lanc'd the bristling boar;
> He taught to turn the hare, to bay the deer,
> And wheel the courser in his mid career.
> Ah! had he there restrain'd his tyrant herd!
>
> Tickell.

The sacred history describes the first warriors under the name of hunters. Nimrod is represented as "a mighty hunter before the Lord." Hunting indeed was so useful, and so necessary to the rising societies, that there is reason to think the first king was a hunter. It is no wonder then that the first kings or heroes, of which antiquity makes mention, should be characterized as celebrated hunters. Bacchus is drawn by tigers, because he has subdued them. Apollo obtained the laurels that encircle his head, by killing the serpent Python. The heroes named Hercules (for there were many of that name), acquired thrones and altars by delivering mankind from a variety of monsters; and Diana merited her temples for having been constantly employed in the destruction of noxious animals. In a word, hunting is an employment prescribed in the book of Moses, and deified in the theology of the Pagans.

The Egyptians, in their most splendid times, were much addicted to hunting: it was the most common exercise of the children that were educated in the court of Sesostris.

The sculpture, in the two palaces of Babylon, represented the huntings of Ninus and Semiramis.

The two Cyruſes delighted in hunting, and the latter had a park full of deer, at Celenes, a town of Phrygia.

The Perſians conſidered hunting as a very ſerious employment, and an excellent preparative for war; in which they employed the ſame weapons, the arrows and javelins, the hatchet, the pike, and the buckler.

The Lacedemonians, who were warriors by profeſſion, cultivated hunting with inceſſant care: it was their ruling paſſion: they had very ſwift dogs, which it is ſuppoſed were grey-hounds. Virg: Georg. iii. 405.

The dexterity of Ptolemy Epiphanes in hunting, is celebrated by Polybius; his Ambaſſador told the Athenians, that his maſter had killed a wild bull with a ſingle arrow; and he deemed this a ſufficient eulogy.

Xenophon, the diſciple of Socrates, was an admirable deſcriber of the hunting of the hare, the ſtag, and the wild boar. He has indeed written a treatiſe expreſsly upon this ſubject.

The Romans, on the contrary, held hunting in ſuch contempt, that they left the uſe of it to their ſlaves, and to the very dregs of the people. They were apprehenſive that hunting, which ſo eaſily becomes a paſſion, might divert the Citizens from their eſſential duties. Nevertheleſs, being ſenſible that this exerciſe, from the fatigues which it occaſions, the dangers incident to it, and its inuring the ſpectator to the ſhedding of blood, was proper to form men to war; they adopted the idea of frequently entertaining the people with dreadful and magnificent repreſentations of the hunting of wild beaſts, &c.

In the year 502 of Rome, 142 elephants that were taken in Sicily, from the Carthaginians, were brought to the Circus, and afforded the people a public exhibition in ſeeing theſe animals fight and deſtroy each other.

Auguſtus, in a ſingle day, cauſed five hundred wild beaſts to fight in like manner, and Scaurus introduced a ſea horſe, and five hundred crocodiles.

The Emperor Probus exhibited one thouſand oſtriches, one thouſand ſtags, one thouſand wild boars, one thouſand deer, one thouſand hinds, and one thouſand wild rams; afterwards one hundred Syrian lions, one hundred lioneſſes, and two hundred bears. Sylla had given before him, one hundred lions; Pompey, three hundred and fifteen; and Cæſar, four hundred.

The Lords, who in the Low Countries ſtill retain the ſemblance of feudal power in the criminal juriſdiction, poſſeſs alſo in their baronies or manors, moſt of the rights that are enjoyed by the Lords of manors in England. Theſe rights have been in ſome inſtances abridged by the laws of Brabant. As an example of this ſort, it may be remarked, that by an article in the Joyous Entry of Brabant in the fourteenth century, it is declared, that all the natives of that Province, ſhall enjoy the privilege of hunting with hound and hawk, through all the lands of Brabant, excepting only in the foreſts of the Prince, and in thoſe manors, few in number, that had acquired the right of free-warren before the beginning of that century; an article which makes among many others, the early influence which the Commons acquired in this Province, who were thus able to controul the feudal Barons in thoſe amuſements, of which they were moſt jealous, the amuſements of the chace. The ſame articles extend alſo to all the natives of Brabant, the right of fiſhing in the river Senne, which paſſes through Bruſſels. The Brabanders have

not

not failed, by the exercise of these rights, to maintain the possession of them.

In the forest of the Ardennes, St. Hubert was held in particular veneration. Of this Saint, the holy legends record, that he was born of noble parents, was an idolator, and a hunter in the woods, when, as he pursued the game, a deer presented itself, between whose horns was planted a miraculous cross. Struck by this miracle, St. Hubert forsook the rude life of a hunter, and embracing the Christian faith, became an eminent Apostle in the Ardennes. The festival of St. Hubert, precious to the sportsmen, and consecrated to the chace, still recalls the delight that this Saint took in his first profession of a hunter. Neither has St. Hubert ceased to work miracles, and to lend his aid to those who suffer harm from the dog, his faithful companion in the chace. All who have the misfortune to be bit by a mad dog, repair to the Ardennes, and the Abbey of St. Hubert, and by their devotion to the Saint obtain, as it is said, a compleat cure.

Horace says, that the chace is a noble exercise, which contributes both to health and reputation, and as such he recommends it to his friend Lollius. Lib. 1. Epist. 18.

Pliny the younger, writing to Tacitus, boasts much of a chace in which he had taken three wild boars. "You cannot imagine," he adds, "how much the exercise of the body contributes to the sprightliness of the mind."

The Emperor Adrian was so much addicted to hunting, and so fond of horses and dogs, that he erected monuments to their memory, and inscribed epitaphs on them. He also built a city in Mysia, which he called Adrianoteres, i. e. Adrian's chace, to commemorate his having, with his own hand, killed a wild boat in that country.

Polybius relates, that Maximus restored discipline in the Roman legions, by often exercising them in hunting.

Hunting was common among the ancient Gauls. In every town they had a sacred tree, on which the hunters suspended some part of the animals they had killed, and consecrated them to their goddess Arduenna.

In the first ages of the French monarchy, no freeman or noble ever went abroad without a hawk upon his fist. This was what distinguished him in particular from a vassal. The game laws too were as severe against offences under their cognizance, as against more atrocious crimes. A person convicted of having stolen a greyhound, was to pay forty-five sous of the money of those times, which was the punishment fixed for the murder of a Roman tributary; and the stealing of a hawk was punished by fine equal to that which was decreed for the murder of a slave.

By the laws of Gondebaut, Duke of Burgundy, any person that stole a dog, was sentenced to lick his posteriors, in the presence of a whole company. The stealer of a hawk was obliged to let that bird eat five ounces from his stomach, unless he chose rather to pay six crowns to the proprietor, and two as a fine to the Exchequer.

A hunting party terminated the great assemblies, which the first Kings of France held under the name of parliaments.

Charles IX. King of France, composed a learned Treatise on Stag Hunting. It was printed at Paris in 1625, and is dedicated to Lewis XIII.

(*To be continued.*)

PEDIGREE AND PERFORMANCES OF THE CELEBRATED PONEY CALLED COPPERBOTTOM.

(*The Copper Plate to face this Page.*)

THIS extraordinary little animal, only twelve hands and an half high, was got by Mr. Hull's Epſom, (afterwards called Copperbottom, out of a true-bred New Foreſt mare). While Mr. Hopkins's, ſhe won thirteen prizes of ſmall value.

In July 1795, when five years old, ſhe beat a poney by Cottager, over Blandford, beſt heats two miles each, giving two ſtone, for Fifty Guineas.

September, ſhe won the great Silver Cup, and Fifty Pounds in ſpecie, at Sherborne, beating eight others.—Immediately after, ſhe was purchaſed by Mr. Weſtlake, and the 29th of the ſame month, ſhe won a Sweepſtakes at Barnet, beating three others. The next day ſhe beat the Wiltſhire mare, and a Galloway, giving weight.

October, ſhe beat Mr. Bowes's celebrated Poney, over Wincheſter, for One Hundred Guineas, one four-mile heat; Mr. Bowes's carrying 7ſt. 7lb. and Copper 6ſt. And the latter end of the ſame month, ſhe won a match over Critch Plain, for Fifty Pounds, againſt a celebrated Suſſex Poney.

May, 1796, ſhe won the great Silver Cup at Dean, in Wiltſhire; and the ſame day ſhe diſtanced three Hunters.

July, ran a Match, three four-mile heats over Blandford, againſt a Weymouth Gelding Poney, (by Copperbottom) for Fifty Guineas, which ſhe diſtanced. There was an inſtance of ſpeed in this race, that is very rare; the gelding kept the lead the whole of the firſt mile, and was diſtanced before he had ran two: this Match was run at feather weights.

September, ſhe beat the noted Galloway, called Sultan, over Wincheſter, the beſt of three heats, four miles each, which ſhe diſtanced the firſt; Sultan's height was thirteen hands one inch and an half, carrying 8ſt. and Copper twelve hands two inches, carrying 6ſt. 7lb.

January, 1797, ſhe ran a Match over Lindhurſt, feather weights, againſt a blood horſe, fifteen hands, named Valenciennes, which ſhe likewiſe diſtanced, for One Hundred Guineas.

April, ſhe beat a Galloway by Driver, out of a Mercury Mare, carrying a feather, 3ſt. 10lb. and Copper, 6ſt. 7lb. one mile over Wincheſter.

May, won a Match over Canterbury, four miles, againſt a noted Kentiſh Poney, for Two Hundred Guineas, each carrying 6ſt. 7lb.

At Epſom, a Match was made with Mr. Broadhurſt's two years old filly, by Pegaſus, out of a ſiſter to Eſcape, carrying 7ſt. againſt this Poney, carrying a feather, one two-mile heat, which was won eaſy by the Poney: betting, 2 to 1 on the two years old.

September, ſhe walked over for the Poney Sweepſtakes, at Litchfield.

October, won a Match at Shrewſbury, againſt Mr. Wallis's Galloway, feather weights: betting at ſtarting, 20 to 1 on Copper.

And the day following, ſhe received forfeit of Pimento, at 9ſt. and the Poney a feather.

Captain Fletcher's. November 29, ſhe ran a Match over Aſcot, one four-mile heat, agſt. Mr. Hart's Galloway, thirteen hands three inches, each carrying 6ſt.; but the Galloway beat her: odds at ſtarting, 2 to 1 on Copper.

[We are deſired to ſtate, that the account in our laſt Magazine, and what is ſaid in the anſwers to Correſpon-

Marshall pinx — J. Scott sculp.

COPPERBOTTOM LATE THE PROPERTY OF Mr WESTLAKE

Published Jan.y 1-1798, by, J. Wheble, Warwick Court.

respondents, relative to Copper-bottom, insinuating, that some unfair play took place on her running at Ascot, in November last, is wholly unfounded; the fact is, she (like Rockingham at York) carried too much weight, and the ground being uncommonly heavy, it was impossible for her to win.]

The present Proprietor is a gentleman of the first respectability, and will match her against any Poney in Europe of her height, for Two Hundred Guineas a-side, one four-mile heat, and give it a stone.

FOX CHACE.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER, FROM WOBURN, BEDFORDSHIRE, JANUARY 1, 1798.

"THIS day his Grace the Duke of Bedford's hounds found a fox in Milton Wood, which they ran near to Ridgmont town, where he turned and came away for the evergreen plantations in the Duke's park, and from thence being closely pressed, he took into a cottage near the end of Woburn town, but, being assailed by the cottager's dog, he returned and took through the small inclosures by the Duke's park-wall, at the back of the town; the huntsmen and gentlemen, who were very numerous, rode full speed through the town of Woburn, to the no small surprise and amusement of a great concourse of spectators, it being the fair day; a considerable number of the farmers and others, who were at the fair, joined in the chace, and the group was heightened by several loose horses setting off full gallop, and following the company. From hence reynard took a turn into Speedwell Farm, (on the London road) and from thence to Battesdon Wood, and then to Milton again; the hounds being very close up, he took through the Duke's pleasure grounds, by the larder, under the arch leading to the kitchen door, and entering the Abbey, he jumped through one of the windows into the Court-yard, where the hounds immediately followed and killed him.—He attempted two or three times to jump through the window into the house after he had got into the court-yard."

STUD TABLE.

The Table for a Register of a Gentleman's Stud, on the two following Pages, was sent to us by our old Correspondent, CAPTAIN SNUG, *who has introduced a line by way of Example, and a Note or two to elucidate the utility of the ruled columns, and the blank for references.*

STUD

STUD of

Year.	Month.	No.	Sex.	Colour.	Age.	Name.	Sire.
*1798	Jan. 1.	1.	Mare.	Brown.	7.	None.	Paymaster.

* Example.

References.—N. B. These extend to the other Side

Dam,

CAPTAIN SNUG, IN THE

Dam.	Occupation.	How possessed.	Kept or discharged	When.
by Babraham.	Himself.	bred by him.	*for breeding.	

* Advertised to be sold.

blank Pages, so as to give room for any Remarks.

SWAFFHAM COURSING MEETING,

BEGINS on Monday the Fifth of February, 1798, unless prevented by frost or snow; in which case, the Meeting will be held the first open Monday in February, and not later.

ANTHONY HAMOND, ESQ.
President.

Monday, February 5.—IGBOROW.

Tuesday, February 6.—WESTACRE.

Sir Samuel Fludyer's Cowslip, agst. Mr. Crowe's Swift, One Guinea.

Sir Samuel Fludyer's Waxey, agst. Mr. Forby's Zulima, One Guinea.

Sir Samuel Fludyer's Wagtail, agst. Mr. Dashwood's Darling, One Guinea.

Mr. James's Rockley, agst. Mr. Dashwood's Ruby, One Guinea.

Mr. Hamond's Quippe agst. Mr. Forby's Zilia, One Guinea.

Mr. Hamond's Quail, agst. Mr. Forby's Zeuxis, One Guinea.

Mr. Crowe's Sagiga, agst. Mr. Forby's Zenobia, One Guinea.

Wednesday, February 7.—SMEE.

Mr. James's Romulus, agst. Mr. Forby's Zebra, One Guinea.

Mr. Dashwood's Presto, agst. Sir Samuel Fludyer's Conqueror, One Guinea.

Mr. Crowe's Sickle, agst. Mr. Forby's Zelinder, One Guinea.

Mr. Hamond's Quaver, agst. Mr. Forby's Zealot, One Guinea.

Mr. Hamond's Quid Nunc, agst. Mr. Forby's Zelander, One Guinea.

Mr. Hamond's Queen, agst. Mr. Forby's Zulima, One Guinea.

Mr. Hamond's Quibble, agst. Mr. Crowe's Small Bones, One Guinea.

Thursday, February 8.—SECOND SMEE.

Mr. Dashwood's Rocket, agst. Mr. Crowe's Sailor, One Guinea.

Friday, February 9.—SECOND WESTACRE.

Mr. Hare's Royal, agst. Mr. Forby's Zany, One Guinea.

Mr. James's Rarely, agst. Mr. Forby's Zoilus, One Guinea.

N. B. No stranger can be admitted into the Society's Room, unless introduced by a Member.

To the EDITOR *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

SIR,

THE following Receipt being intended to constitute Friendship among the Sons of Diana, by your inserting it in your invaluable Magazine, you will much oblige, your constant reader and humble servant,

T. G.

A RECEIPT TO ESTABLISH TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

In Pliny's Natural History we find a curious Receipt for making the Roman Friendship a cordial, that was universally esteemed in those days, and very few families of any credit were without it. In the

the ſame place, he ſays, they were indebted to the Greeks for this receipt, who had it in the greateſt perfection. The old Roman Friendſhip was a compoſition of ſeveral ingredients, of which the principal was,

Union of Hearts, (a fine flower that grew in ſeveral parts of the Empire.)

Sincerity,
Frankneſs,
Diſintereſtedneſs,
Pity, and
Tenderneſs, (of each an equal quantity).

Theſe were all mixed with two rich oils, which they called

Perpetual kind wiſhes, and
Serenity of Temper;

And the whole was ſtrongly perfumed with the

Deſire of Pleaſing,

Which gave it a moſt grateful ſmell, and was a ſure reſtorative in all ſorts of vapours. This cordial was of ſo durable a nature, that no length of time could waſte it. And what is very remarkable, ſays our Author, it increaſed in weight and value, the longer you kept it.

The moderns have moſt groſsly adulterated this fine receipt; ſome of the ingredients indeed are not to be found, but what they impoſe upon you as friendſhip, is as follows;

Outward Profeſſions, [a common weed that grows every where] inſtead of the Flower of Union.

The Deſire of being Pleaſed.
A large quantity of
Self-Intereſt,
Conveniency, and
Reſervedneſs (many handfuls).
A little Pity and Tenderneſs.

But ſome pretend to make it up with theſe two laſt, and the common Oil of Inconſtancy, which like our linſeed oil is cold drawn every hour, ſerves to mix them together. Moſt of theſe ingredients being of a periſhable nature, it will not keep, and ſhews itſelf to be counterfeit, by leſſening continually in weight and value.

A CURIOUS CIRCUMSTANCE IN THE NATURAL HISTORY OF BIRDS.

SIR William Hamilton, in a letter to Sir Joſeph Banks, Bart. dated Jan. 24, 1786, and inſerted in the Philoſophical Tranſactions, vol. lxxvi. page 365, mentions this curious circumſtance:—"I was informed of it," ſays he, "by an officer of the garriſon of Ventotiene, who is a great ſportſman, and ſhoots often in the iſland of St. Stefano, inhabited only by hawks, and a large kind of ſea-gulls; but is occaſionally viſited as a reſting place by divers ſorts of birds of paſſage. In the month of May, great flights of quails arrive there from Africa, ſpent with fatigue, and many of them fall an eaſy prey for the hawks and ſea-gulls; but as their arrival depends on one prevailing wind, there is often an interval of many days between one flight and another. My informer aſſured me, that the hawks conſtantly, during the flights, make a proviſion of each day's prey, laying them in ſeparate heaps of ſix or ſeven near their haunts, always feeding upon thoſe of the oldeſt date. The ſea gulls have not the ſame fore-ſight, but greedily fall upon their unhappy victims in their languid ſtate, before they reach the ſhore, and having beat them down into the ſea, ſwallow numbers of them whole.

Extraordinary as this may appear, yet as facts related by perſons of credibility, in any branch of Natural Hiſtory are always pleaſing, I thought you would excuſe this digreſſion.

COURT MARTIAL.

MAJOR Torrane of the Eaſt Middleſex militia, was tried at Newcaſtle-upon-Tyne, on the 28th of November, 1797, by a General Court Martial, of which Colonel Clitheroe, of the Weſtminſter regiment of Militia, was Preſident, upon five ſeveral charges, preferred againſt him by Walter Saunders, Eſq. a Captain and Paymaſter of the ſaid regiment, the ſubſtance of which was as follows:

1. Embezzling and miſapplying his Majeſty's proviſions, by purchaſing, for the uſe of himſelf and his family, meat at ſixpence per lb. one penny halfpenny of which he cauſed to be charged to the public account, as if the ſaid meat had been conſumed by the non-commiſſioned officers and privates of his company.

2. Cauſing bread to be procured for himſelf and family, at ſundry times, at the ſame price allowed to non-commiſſioned officers and privates, which, for the moſt part, did not exceed the price of one penny per loaf, and ordered the remainder of the price to be charged to Government, as if the bread ſo procured had been conſumed by the non-commiſſioned officers and privates of his company.

3. Ordering the effective ſtrength of his company to be returned to the Paymaſter, for the allowance of bread and meat at ſundry times, and withholding the ſame allowance of bread from ſundry men of his company, and applying the whole, or a part of the allowance ſo withheld, to his own private uſe.

4. Selling within the period firſt-mentioned (without having a proper order for that purpoſe), his Majeſty's tents and blankets, committed to his care.

5. Entering into an agreement of partnerſhip with John Richardſon, paymaſter-ſerjeant of his company, to divide the profits ariſing from the ſale of neceſſaries furniſhed to his company, equally between them, from which greater prices were charged for neceſſaries ſo furniſhed than ought to be charged, contrary to his Majeſty's orders, and to the great injury of the non-commiſſioned officers and privates of his company.

They therefore adjudged him to be "diſmiſſed his Majeſty's ſervice," the articles of war admitting of no alternative. His Majeſty approved of the above ſentence, and at the ſame time "expreſſed much diſapprobation of the conduct of Captain Saunders, the proſecutor, who had ſo long ſuffered the charges to remain dormant, and had at that diſtance of time produced them, pourtrayed in the ſtrongeſt colours; a circumſtance that naturally begot a preſumption of his having been actuated by ſome other motive than the good of the public ſervice."

AGRICULTURE.

MONTHLY REPORT FOR DECEMBER.

OUR reports for the preſent month do not by any means enable us to announce any change in the ſtate of the weather, more favourable for the buſineſs of agriculture. Its very changeable and unſettled diſpoſition has, indeed, almoſt kept the operations of huſbandry at a ſtand. In a few counties, however, where the ſoils are of the mouldy and light kinds, ſome farmers have been employed in turning over their winter fallows; but this has not been carried to any great extent.

What effects the very ſudden changes from froſt to wet may have had on the new-ſown wheat in the northern diſtricts, is impoſſible to ſay; but it is probable that in many inſtances they muſt have done conſiderable injury.

The farmers being now chiefly engaged in thraſhing out their corn, the markets begin to be more fully ſupplied, conſequently the prices continue to fall. Some of our correſpondents alſo ſuggeſt, that this may, in ſome meaſure, depend on the indeciſive ſteps of Government

in

in regard to the corn and diſtillery laws.

The average price of wheat, for England and Wales, is 52s. 8d. and of barley 31s. 4d.

Though the ſeaſon has been ſo generally unfavourable, we are glad to find, in moſt of our accounts, that the turnips have not yet ſuffered any very material damage. Stock feeding on them, whether cattle or ſheep, have not, however, made the uſual progreſs; this may, perhaps, in ſome degree, be owing to the coldneſs and wetneſs of the ſeaſon; the price of butcher's meat, nevertheleſs, continues to decline.

Hops, in Canterbury-market fetch, bags from 80s. to 100s. pockets from 90s. to 112s.

In Southwark, the market for hops continues heavy; bags fetch from 70s. to 98s. pockets from 80s. to 110s. per cwt.

SECOND MONTHLY REPORT FOR DECEMBER.

The early ſown Wheats have, from the mildneſs of the weather, been much infeſted with the ſlug and worm, which a ſharp dry froſt alone can check. A conſiderable breadth of lands, particularly in the Eaſtern diſtrict, remained to be ſown ſo late as the cloſe of the preſent month. The prime ſamples of laſt year's crop, limited but to a few diſtricts, are riſing in demand and price, to break with the muſty foreign wheats, and the ſpared grain of our own iſland.

Bean ſowing has commenced in a few parts of Eſſex and Suffolk; but we think unſeaſonably.

Rape-ſeed plants for feed, look generally promiſing; and the young clovers have ſtood the winter better than has been known for many ſeaſons paſt.

The turnips have not yielded the feed in moſt counties as was expected: in Norfolk, they never remembered them ſo unproductive before.

Cattle cabbages are a fair crop, and the potatoes every where abundant; but the quality of the latter is not good on the average.

The meat markets have been abundantly ſupplied through the month, though not of the prime kinds Good beef is growing ſcarce at Smithfield; but mutton is ſtill bought up in plenty from the counties ſo univerſally tainted with the rot. Veal is ſtill dear; but pork continues its moderate price. Lean ſtock of all kinds continue ſcarce, particularly thoſe ſheep which are warranted ſound.

Beaſts are ſtill kept back, particularly of the Scotch kind; the graziers at Halſtone Fair, in Norfolk, would not come up to the prices demanded: ſo that many hundreds of Galloway Scots, and other Stewartry's beaſts, were left on the breeders hands. In conſequence of the new Aſſeſſed Tax Bill, low priced horſes are not ſaleable on any terms.

The Hop market is briſk again; but the wool trade is duller than ever.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

ON HOBBY HORSES.

STERN, in Triſtram Shandy, has told us, "Every Man has his Hobby Horſe." However uncouth the expreſſion, it is ſtrictly true as to the meaning. I never knew a man in my life, who did not plume himſelf upon ſome peculiar talent, qualification, or perſonal recommendation. The ſcholiaſt, with his claſſic lore, is proud to let

you

you know he has got Homer and Virgil at his finger's end, and exults over his neighbour, whose memory is not so tenacious, or whose vocations in life have prevented him from pursuing the same classical line. The medical man seems astonished that you are not as well acquainted with Esculapius and Galen as he is, though he would be very sorry, if he thought you competent to argue with him upon any medical subject. The Lawyer thinks a thorough acquaintance with Coke upon Littleton, far superior to all the lumber of the schools, and all the prognostics and diagnostics of the whole College of Physicians. The Sportsman piques himself upon his knowledge in horses and dogs, his being the best shod in the county, and knowing all the odds in raceing and cocking. The imaginary man of pleasure, fancies all merit consists in intrigue, and that being a *beau-garcon*, and happy in the good graces of the fair sex, places him above the rest of mankind. The *martinet* judges military discipline the only object worthy an officer's and a gentleman's attention; despises the pedant and the quack, contemns all the limbs of the law, and holds in derision the *beau-garcon*, though he is one himself. The Merchant thinks no man of any consequence unless he is worth a *plumb*, and one hundred thousand pounds will, at any time, constitute a *good man*, let his morals be ever so depraved, his vices ever so glaring, or his crimes ever so punishable. A Bird-fancier, considers his aviary as the only collection of curiosities in the world; and thinks there is more skill, judgment, and profound knowledge, in determining the value of a canary-bird, than are requisite to form a prime minister. In fine, if we look through every class of life, we shall find that there is not a man, who has not some real or imaginary excellence, which entitles him to a superiority over the rest of his acquaintance.

A CRITICAL CASE AT CRIBBAGE.

A And B playing at five-card cribbage; A is fifty-six, and B is only five, and deals, and has three sixes and two trays; A has six, seven, ten, and two trays; they each lay out two trays, and a nine turns up; A plays his seven, and B plays a six, A plays his six, and sets on two, B plays another six, and sets on six, then A cannot come in, B plays the fourth six, which makes thirty-one, then he sets on fourteen, which with the six he got before, makes twenty in play. A got only two in play, and two in hand, which makes him but sixty; now B having five on, twenty in play, twelve in hand, and twenty-four in crib, is sixty-one, the game.

A CRITICAL CASE AT ALL-FOURS.

A And B plays, hearts being trumps, A has ace, king, queen, jack, and deuce of trumps, with the the ten of diamonds; B has four small clubs, knave of diamonds, and one small trump. Now, if A does not mind very well, B will get the game, but if A takes care to throw away his ten of diamonds upon one of B's losing cards, he will then get All-Fours; for his game will be eleven, and B's only ten; whereas, if A had suffered B to take his ten with the knave, then B would have eleven for his game, and A only ten.

SURREY SSIONS.

SATURDAY, JAN. 13.

THE KING *v.* ISAAC RAWLINSON.

THIS was a proſecution againſt the Driver of one of the Greenwich ſtage-coaches, who, in driving a race with one of his bre-thren of the whip, drove with ſuch violence againſt one of the Servants of her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales, in the month of Auguſt laſt, while he preceded her Royal Highneſs's carriage, as to throw him and his horſe down into a ditch, whereby he narrowly eſcaped with his life.

Ingram, the other coachman, ſubmitted himſelf ſoon after the offence was committed, and ſome very reſpectable inhabitants in the neighbourhood of Greenwich hav-ing petitioned her Royal Highneſs on his behalf, his apology and ſub-miſſion were accepted. No ſuch apology having been made by Raw-linſon, a bill of indictment were preferred and found againſt him at the laſt Michaelmas Seſſions, at Kingſton, upon which he was this day arraigned, when he moved, by his Counſel, to plead guilty to the charge, and to ſubmit to a ſmall fine, upon the ground of his having alſo made a ſatisfactory apology and ſubmiſſion to their Royal Highneſſes the Prince and Princeſs of Wales.

The Court being fully ſatisfied that ſuch an apology had been made, and particularly that her Royal Highneſs the Princes of Wales had been graciouſly pleaſed to forgive the priſoner for the offence he had committed,

Lord Grantley, the Chairman, after commenting upon the enor-mity of the offence, and the il-luſtrious and amiable example of moderation and forgiveneſs he had met with, pronounced the ſentence of the Court, which was, that he ſhould pay a fine of 6s. 8d. and give ſureties for his good behaviour for two years; his Lordſhip at the ſame time aſſuring the priſoner, that if it had not been for the gracious interference of their Royal High-neſſes, he would have been ſent to the Houſe of Correction, and kept to hard labour for the ſame period.

CHRONOLOGICAL HISTORY OF BOXING.

(*Continued from page 173.*)

THE manly ſcience of boxing had met with but trifling en-couragement for ſome years paſt, but the following battle ſeemed to revive the latent ardour of the Bri-tiſh ſpirit in that line.

On Wedneſday, May 3, 1786, the two noted bruiſers, Richard Humphries, known by the name of the gentleman boxer, and ——— Martin, a butcher from Bath, ap-peared on their ſtage, near New-market, in order to decide a diſ-pute, which had occupied the at-tention of all the amateurs of this truly Engliſh ſcience.

The combatants, when ſtripped, appeared in ſize, materially diffe-rent. Humphries, a middle-ſized, ſtout, well-made man. Martin much ſhorter, but equally muſcular and ſquare-ſet.

The mode of their fighting was ſcientific; the former ſtood boldly up, and ſtopped the blows of his adverſary with a moſt aſtoniſhing dexterity; the latter fought at a diſtance, and as often as he ſtruck fell, but ſeldom was able to get a well-put blow.

In this manner they continued the conteſt fifty-five minutes, the bets running exceedingly high, and

and the odds much in favour of Humphries. When Martin, however, found that he could gain no advantage of Humphries, by this mode of attack and defence, and that he must stand up, he changed his system, and they set-to with as much activity and fierceness, as if just prepared for the engagement. The bets changed at last to equal, but a severe blow coming from Humphries, which was called a true knock-down, they again ran in favour of him. In this way they fought three quarters of an hour more, when a blow on the left side, just below the ribs, given by Humphries, laid his antagonist on the stage, never to renew *that* fight again.

And thus ended a manual exercise, which, as we observed, had long engaged the attention of all ranks in this country, and induced the Prince of Wales, Duke of York, Duke of Orleans, Duke de Fitzjames, and the flower of the French nobility to be spectators of. Each spectator paid a guinea for entrance, which amounted to 320l. and which was given to the winning man. Upwards of 30,000l. was sported on this battle, which terminated to the satisfaction of all present in point of fairness.

June 13. The noted Tom Johnson, who had beat Jarvis, Death, Towers, Fry, &c. fought for fifty guineas, William Love, the Whitechapel butcher, at Barnet, whom he beat with ease in five minutes.

October 31. Bryan, alias Big Ben, beat the famous fighting grenadier in the Long Fields, Bloomsbury.

December 19. A pitched battle for twenty guineas was fought on Blackheath, between the noted Chitty, and —— Doyle, a sailor, which was won by Doyle.

January 20, 1787. A boxing-match, between Ward and Johnson, took place at Oakingham, in Berkshire. The battle was adjudged a drawn one. Johnson received many severe blows, and gave his antagonist one over the eye, which had nearly decided the contest in Johnson's favour.

April 17. Martin, the Bath Butcher, and Daniel Mendoza the Jew, fought on Barnet race-ground, when victory terminated in favour of the latter.

August 29. A capital bruising match was fought between Doyle and Tring, on Kennington Common, when the latter was with ease victorious.

November 23. A severe battle was fought in Stepney-fields, between Savage and Doyle, when, after a contest of three quarters of an hour, victory was declared in favour of the former. Johnson was second to Savage, and Ryan second to Doyle.

December 19. The long expected engagement between Ryan and Johnson, was decided in Wraybury field, in Buckinghamshire. After a very sharp contest, the battle terminated in favour of Johnson, who beat his antagonist dreadfully. Humphries was second to Johnson, and Dunn to Ryan. Mendoza and Tring were bottle holders.

A great deal of company were present, Sir Richard Symonds, Colonel Hamilton, Colonel Fitzpatrick, Mr. Wyndham, of Norfolk, Mr. Bradyl, Major Hanger, &c.

1788.—Boxing, which had now attained the zenith of its glory, was patronized by some of the first characters in the kingdom, particularly the Prince of Wales, Duke of Hamilton, Lord Barrymore, Alderman Combe, Sir Tho. Apreece, &c. &c. Some of these amateurs made a match between the famous Richard Humphries, who had beat Bentley, Martin, &c. and the equally noted Daniel Mendoza, who had also

also beat Bryan, Martin, &c.; two of the most scientific boxers of the day, to fight for Two Hundred Guineas a-side. Each party was powerfully supported, and a great many thousand pounds staked on the event. Every preliminary, after many weeks negociation being agreed upon, a stage was erected at Odiham, in Hampshire.

So high was the public anxiety on the issue of this battle, that neither the distance from town, nor the state of the weather, could prevent a very large body of people assembling at the scene of action. About one o'clock on Wednesday, January 9, 1788, Humphries, attended by Johnson as his second, and Tring his bottle-holder, appeared on the stage; after bowing to the spectators, he proceeded to strip. His dress, when ready to engage, was a pair of flannel drawers, white silk stockings, with gold-coloured clocks, and a pair of light shoes fastened with black strings. While he was preparing, Mendoza attended by Benjamin as his second, and Jacobs another Jew, his bottle-holder, mounted the stage; Mendoza's dress was more plain than that of Humphries; each was received with loud acclamations.

The price of admission into the paddock wherein the stage was erected, was half-a-guinea, and many hundreds paid. The avenues and doors were guarded by Ryan, Dunn, Sandal, Ward, and many other noted bruisers, who with uplifted gigantic arms for a while, intimidated the populace from breaking into the places appropriated for the amateurs; but what can resist the shock of an English mob? They broke down the fences, and seized on every vacant place.

The combatants were prepared for the onset in a few minutes after they came upon the stage; and on shaking hands, it was begun by Mendoza, with all the heat and impetuosity of a man determined on victory. Humphries appeared astonished, and retreated, guarding and catching the blows of his adversary, which were thrown in with much alacrity and quickness. Full fifteen minutes did the Jew attack with such apparent superiority, that the odds which were two to one against him, changed to the like proportion in his favour. Humphries remained undaunted, still acting on the defence. It is yet a matter of dispute whether his conduct in the onset was *manœuvre*, or whether the *nouvelle* stile in which he was attacked, added to the unexpected vigour of his antagonist, made him give way, until opportunity offered to display his skill to advantage. We are inclined to give credit to the latter; for early in the battle he was driven into a corner of the stage, where he received a blow which knocked him against the rails, and his body was suspending. In this situation, Mendoza was preparing a second, which would have driven him off the stage, had not Johnson caught it. On this many called out, "Foul! Foul!" But the umpires, as well as every amateur, declared that Johnson was justified, Humphries being considered as completely knocked down. The stage, from the wetness of the day, was very slippery, which proved more unfavourable to Humphries. He took off his shoes, but silk stockings did not contribute to remedy the inconvenience; he therefore had recourse to a worsted pair, which he had thrown off in stripping, in which he stood more firm, and began to manifest his great superiority in gymnastic exercise. He stood up to his antagonist, who was flushed with success, in attitudes which would have arrested the pencil of a painter, and with an undaunted fortitude.

From this moment the odds changed

changed again in favour of Humphries. He threw in a blow near the loins of his antagonist, and the next round planted a more dreadful one in his neck, which sickened and almost disabled him. Mendoza, however, still continued the battle with much determination of spirit, until extravasated blood and exhausted wind, made him so helpless, that he lay on the stage unable to move, and yielded the contest; on which so much dexterity and skill, with such equality of strength and muscle, perhaps never was fought, and certainly there never was a contest on which so much money depended. The battle lasted twenty-nine minutes.

(To be continued.)

The CHACE, *a* POEM. *By William Somerville, Esq.*

(*Concluded from page* 146.)

HENCE to the village with pernicious haste
Baleful he bends his course: the village flies
Alarm'd; the tender mother in her arms
Hugs close the trembling babe; the doors are barr'd,
And flying curs by native instinct taught,
Shun the contagious bane; the rustic bands
Hurry to arms, the rude militia seize
Whate'er at hand they find; clubs, forks, or guns
From ev'ry quarter charge the furious foe,
In wild disorder, and uncouth array:
Till now with wounds on wounds oppress'd and gor'd,
At one short pois'nous gasp he breathes his last.
Hence to the kennel, Muse, return, and view
With heavy heart that hospital of woe;
Where Horror stalks at large; insatiate Death
Sits growling o'er his prey: each hour presents
A diff'rent scene of ruin and distress.
How busy art thou, Fate! and how severe
Thy pointed wrath! the dying and the dead
Promiscuous lie; o'er these the living fight
In one eternal broil; not conscious why,
Nor yet with whom. So drunkards in their cups,
Spare not their friends, while senseless squabble reigns.
Huntsman! it much behoves thee to avoid
The perilous debate! Ah! rouse up all
Thy vigilance, and tread the treach'rous ground
With careful step. Thy fires unquench'd preserve,
As erst the vestal flame; the pointed steel
In the hot embers hide; and if surpriz'd
Thou feel'st the deadly bite, quick urge it home
Into the recent sore, and cauterize
The wound; spare not thy flesh, nor dread th' event:
Vulcan shall save when Æsculapius fails.
Here, should the knowing Muse recount the means
To stop this growing plague. And here, alas!
Each hand presents a sov'reign cure, and boasts
Infallibility, but boasts in vain.
On this depend, each to his sep'rate seat
Confine, in fetters bound; give each his mess
Apart, his range in open air; and then
If deadly symptoms to thy grief appear,
Devote the wretch, and let him greatly fall,
A gen'rous victim for the public weal.
Sing, philosophic Muse, the dire effects
Of this contagious bite on hapless man.
The rustic swains, by long tradition taught
Of leeches old, as soon as they perceive
The bite impress'd, to the sea-coasts repair.
Plung'd in the briny flood, th' unhappy youth
Now journeys home secure; but soon shall wish
The seas as yet had cover'd him beneath
The foaming surge, full many a fathom deep.
A fate more dismal, and superior ills
Hang o'er his head devoted. When the moon
Closing her monthly round, returns again
To glad the night; or when full-orb'd she shines
High in the vault of heav'n; the lurking pest
Begins the dire assault. The pois'nous foam
Thro' the deep wound instill'd with hostile rage,
And all its fiery particles saline,
Invades th' arterial fluid; whose red waves
Tempestuous heave, and their cohesion broke,
Fermenting boil; intestine war ensues,
And order to confusion turns embroil'd.
Now the distended vessels scarce contain
The wild uproar, but press each weaker part,

Unable

Unable to resist: the tender brain
And stomach suffer most; convulsions shake
His trembling nerves, and wand'ring pungent pains
Pinch sore the sleepless wretch; his flutt'ring pulse
Oft intermits; pensive, and sad, he mourns
His cruel fate, and to his weeping friends
Laments in vain; to hasty anger prone,
Resents each slight offence, walks with quick step,
And wildly stares; at last with boundless sway
The tyrant frenzy reigns. For as the dog
(Whose fatal bite convey'd th' infectious bane)
Raving he foams, and howls and barks, and bites.
Like agitations in his boiling blood
Present like species to his troubled mind;
His nature, and his actions all canine.
So as (old Homer sung) th' associates wild
Of wand'ring Ithacus, by Circe's charms
To swine transform'd, ran gruntling thro' the groves.
Dreadful example to a wicked world!
See there distress'd he lies! parch'd up with thirst,
But dares not drink. Till now at last his soul
Trembling escapes, her noisome dungeon leaves,
And to some purer region wings away.

One labour yet remains, celestial Maid!
Another element demands thy song.
No more o'er craggy steeps, thro' coverts thick
With pointed thorn, and briers intricate,
Urge on with horn and voice the painful pack:
But skim with wanton wing th' irriguous vale,
Where winding streams amid the flow'ry meads
Perpetual glide along; and undermine
The cavern'd banks, by the tenacious roots
Of hoary willows arch'd; gloomy retreat
Of the bright scaly kind; where they at will,
On the green wat'ry reed their pasture graze,
Suck the moist soil, or slumber at their ease,
Rock'd by the restless brook, that draws aslope
Its humid train, and laves their dark abodes.
Where rages not oppression? Where, alas!
Is innocence secure? Rapine and spoil
Haunt ev'n the lowest deeps; seas have their sharks,
Rivers and ponds inclos'd the rav'nous pike;
He in his turn becomes a prey; on him
Th' amphibious otter feasts. Just is his fate
Deserv'd; but tyrants know no bounds; nor spears
That bristle on his back, defend the perch
From his wide greedy jaws; nor burnish'd mail
The yellow carp; nor all his arts can save
Th' insinuating eel, that hides his head
Beneath the slimy mud; nor yet escapes
The crimson-spotted trout, the river's pride,
And beauty of the stream. Without remorse,
This midnight pillager ranging around,
Insatiate swallows all. The owner mourns
Th' unpeopled rivulet, and gladly hears
The huntsman's early call, and sees with joy
The jovial crew, that march upon its banks
In gay parade, with bearded lances arm'd.

This subtle spoiler of the beaver kind,
Far off, perhaps, where ancient alders shade
The deep still pool; within some hollow trunk
Contrives his wicker couch: whence he surveys
His long purlieu, lord of the stream, and all
The finny shoals his own. But you, brave youths,
Dispute the felon's claim; try ev'ry root,
And ev'ry reedy bank; encourage all
The busy-spreading pack, that fearless plunge
Into the flood, and cross the rapid stream.
Bid rocks and caves, and each resounding shore,
Proclaim your bold defiance; loudly raise
Each cheering voice, till distant hills repeat
The triumphs of the vale. On the soft sand
See there his seal impress'd! and on that bank
Behold the glitt'ring spoils, half-eaten fish,
Scales, fins, and bones, the leavings of his feast.
Ah! on that yielding sag-bed, see, once more
His seal I view. O'er yon dank rushy marsh
The sly goose-footed prowler bends his course,
And seeks the distant shallows. Huntsman, bring
Thy eager pack; and trail him to his couch.
Hark! the loud peal begins, the clam'rous joy,
The gallant chiding loads the trembling air.

Ye Naiads fair, who o'er these floods preside,
Raise up your dripping heads above the wave,
And hear our melody. Th' harmonious notes
Float with the stream; and ev'ry winding creek
And hollow rock, that o'er the dimpling flood

Nods

Nods pendant; ſtill improve from ſhore to ſhore
Our ſweet reiterated joys. What ſhouts!
What clamour loud! What gay heart-cheering ſounds
Urge thro' the breathing braſs their mazy way!
Nor choirs of Tritons glad with ſprightlier ſtrains
The dancing billows; when proud Neptune rides
In triumph o'er the deep. How greedily
They ſnuff the fiſhy ſteam, that to each blade
Rank-ſcenting clings! See! how the morning dews
They ſweep, that from their feet beſprinkling drop
Diſpers'd, and leave a track oblique behind.
Now on firm land they range; then in the flood
They plunge tumultuous; or thro' reedy pools
Ruſtling they work their way: no holt eſcapes
Their curious ſearch. With quick ſenſation now
The fuming vapour ſtings: flutter their hearts,
And joy redoubled burſts from ev'ry mouth
In louder ſymphonies. Yon hollow trunk,
That with its hoary head incurv'd, ſalutes
The paſſing wave; muſt be the tyrant's fort
And dread abode. How theſe impatient climb,
While others at the root inceſſant bay:
They put him down. See, there he dives along!
Th' aſcending bubbles mark his gloomy way.
Quick fix the nets, and cut off his retreat
Into the ſhelt'ring deeps. Ah, there he vents!
The pack lunge headlong, and protended ſpears
Menace deſtruction: while the troubled ſurge
Indignant foams, and all the ſcaly kind
Affrighted, hide their heads. Wild tumult reigns,
And loud uproar. Ah, there once more he vents!
See, that bold hound has ſeiz'd him; down they ſink,
Together loſt; but ſoon ſhall he repent
His raſh aſſault. See there eſcap'd, he flies
Half-drown'd, and clambers up the ſlipp'ry bank
With ouze and blood diſtain'd. Of all the brutes,
Whether by Nature form'd, or by long uſe,
This artful diver beſt can bear the want
Of vital air. Unequal is the fight,
Beneath the whelming element. Yet there
He lives not long; but reſpiration needs
At proper intervals. Again he vents;
Again the crowd attack. That ſpear has pierc'd
His neck; the crimſon waves confeſs the wound.
Fix'd is the bearded lance, unwelcome gueſt
Where'er he flies; with him it ſinks beneath,
With him it mounts; ſure guide to ev'ry foe.
Inly he groans; nor can his tender wound
Bear the cold ſtream. Lo! to yon ſedgy bank
He creeps diſconſolate; his num'rous foes
Surround him, hounds and men. Pierc'd thro', and thro',
On pointed ſpears they lift him high in air;
Wriggling he hangs, and grins, and bites in vain:
Bid the loud horns, in gayly-warbling ſtrains,
Proclaim the felon's fate; he dies, he dies.
Rejoice, ye ſcaly tribes, and leaping dance
Above the wave, in ſign of liberty
Reſtor'd; the cruel tyrant is no more.
Rejoice ſecure and bleſs'd; did not as yet
Remain, ſome of your own rapacious kind;
And man, fierce man, with all his various wiles.
O happy! if ye knew your happy ſtate,
Ye rangers of the fields; whom Nature boon
Cheers with her ſmiles, and ev'ry element
Conſpires to bleſs. What, if no heroes frown
From marble pedeſtals; nor Raphael's works,
Nor Titian's lively tints, adorn our walls?
Yet theſe the meaneſt of us may behold;
And at another's coſt may feaſt at will
Our wond'ring eyes; what can the owner more?
But vain, alas! is wealth, not grac'd with power.
The flow'ry landſcape, and the gilded dome,
And viſtas op'ning to the wearied eye,
Thro' all his wide domain; the planted grove,
The ſhrubby wilderneſs, with its gay choir
Of warbling birds, can't lull to ſoft repoſe
Th' ambitious wretch, whoſe diſcontented ſoul
Is harrow'd day and night; he mourns, he pines,
Until his prince's favour makes him great.
See there he comes, th' exalted idol comes!
The circle's form'd, and all his fawning ſlaves
Devoutly bow to earth; from ev'ry mouth
The nauſeous flatt'ry flows, which he returns
With promiſes, that die as ſoon as born.
Vile intercourſe! where virtue has no place.
Frown

Frown but the monarch; all his glories fade;
He mingles with the throng, outcast, undone,
The pageant of a day; without one friend
To sooth his tortur'd mind; all, all are fled.
For tho' they bask'd in his meridian ray,
The insects vanish, as his beams decline.
Not such our friends; for here no dark design,
No wicked int'rest bribes the venal heart;
But inclination to our bosom leads,
And weds them there for life; our social cups
Smile, as we smile; open, and unreserv'd.
We speak our inmost souls; good humour, mirth,
Soft complaisance, and wit from malice free,
Smooth ev'ry brow, and glow on ev'ry cheek.
O happiness sincere! what wretch would groan
Beneath the galling load of pow'r, or walk,
Upon the slipp'ry pavements of the great,
Who thus could reign, unenvy'd and secure?
Ye guardian pow'rs who make mankind your care,
Give me to know wise Nature's hidden depths,
Trace each mysterious cause, with judgment read
Th' expanded volume, and submiss adore
That great creative Will, who at a word
Spoke forth the wond'rous scene. But if my soul
To this gross clay confin'd, flutters on earth
With less ambitious wing; unskill'd to range
From orb to orb, where Newton leads the way;
And view with piercing eyes, the grand machine,
Worlds above worlds; subservient to his voice,
Who veil'd in clouded Majesty, alone
Gives light to all; bids the great system move,
And changeful seasons in their turns advance,
Unmov'd, unchang'd, himself. Yet this at least
Grant me propitious, an inglorious life,
Calm and serene, nor lost in false pursuits
Of wealth or honours; but enough to raise
My drooping friends, preventing modest want
That dares not ask. And if to crown my joys,
Ye grant me health, that ruddy in my cheeks,
Blooms in my life's decline; fields, woods, and streams,
Each tow'ring hill, each humble vale below,
Shall hear my cheering voice, my hounds shall wake
The lazy morn, and glad th' horizon round.

To the EDITOR *of the* SPORTING MAGAZINE.

PERMIT me through the medium of your entertaining Miscellany, to enquire of some Sporting Correspondent, who is at *present* to be deemed

"The Father of the Turf?"

Lambton and Panton have been formerly so distinguished, but at present I conceive it to lay between the D. of Queensbury, and Mr. Vernon, the former having won his famous carriage match (of nineteen miles within the hour) in August 1750. Lord Clermont, Lord Grosvenor, and Sir C. Bunbury, being in good health, with apparent constitutional stamina, all bid fair to arrive rotationally at that honour. Your's,

Newmarket, S. C.
Jan. 20, 1798.

COVENT GARDEN.

SECRETS WORTH KNOWING.

ON Thursday night, January 12, a new comedy called *Secrets Worth Knowing*, was performed at this Theatre. It is from the pen of Mr. Moreton, a gentleman whose abilities as a dramatic writer, have produced several favourite pieces. The characters are as follow:

Greville,	*Mr. Pope,*
Egerton,	*Mr. Holman.*
Undermine,	*Mr. Munden.*
April,	*Mr. Fawcett.*
Rue,	*Mr. Quick,*

Plethora

Plethora,	*Mr. Knight*,
Roftrum,	*Mr. Lewis.*
Maria Egerton	*Mrs. Spencer*,
Rofe,	*Mrs. Mountain*,
Sally Downright,	*Mrs. Mattocks.*

The ftory of the play is briefly this:—*Greville*, whofe diffipation had induced his deceafed father to fend him abroad, has become enamoured of and marries *Maria*, the fifter of *Egerton*, who, through the machinations of *Undermine*, had been forced to quit his native country in the capacity of a foldier. *Greville*, upon his father's deceafe, returns to England, and finds, as he underftands, *Undermine* left executor, and that he is only to inherit his father's property on condition of his not marrying before he is twenty-five years of age, on failure of which condition the whole devolves to *Undermine*. To avoid the forfeiture already incurred, *Greville* perfuades his wife *Maria* to affume the character of a miftrefs, but no intreaties can induce *Sally Downright* to fay fhe is fo; all fhe promifes is, that when afked, fhe will be filent; *Undermine*, and *Rue* his fervant, who had affifted him in forging the fictitious will of *Old Greville*, and had received the real one, in order to burn it, endeavouring to difcover whether *Greville* is really married, expofe *Maria* to a variety of infults, which nearly have the effect of betraying the fecret. *Egerton* returns in the humble fituation of a diftreffed foldier, and meeting with *Sally Downright*, is induced, from her filence refpecting the terms on which his fifter *Maria* lives with *Greville*, to fuppofe he has feduced her affections. In confequence of this fufpicion, he challenges him in the prefence of *Undermine* and *Rue*, when *Greville* avows his marriage at the rifque of lofing his fortune. *Undermine* accordingly takes poffeffion of his eftate; but, in the mean time, *April*, the fteward of the *Greville* family, overhears *Rue* talking to himfelf about a thoufand pounds he was to receive of *Undermine*, and a will fewed up in his coat. *April* fufpects the truth, and plans to get the coat in his poffeffion, which he effects by perfuading *Rue* he is ill, and fending for his grandfon, *Plethora*, to prefcribe for him; *Plethora*, previoufly informed by letter, enters into the fcheme, and advifes bleeding; accordingly *Rue* takes off his coat, which is immediately feized by *April*; the real will is then difcovered, *Undermine's* villainy publifhed, and *Greville* reftored to his fortune. There is alfo another plot —*Undermine* is the joint guardian with *April* of *Rofe*, who has three thoufand a year to her fortune. He wifhes his nephew, *Roftrum*, an auctioneer, to carry her off, and marry her, but the latter is too honeft and difinterefted to favour his uncle's defigns; on the contrary, finding fhe was in love with *Egerton*, whom he had before met and relieved, he affifts their union, and procures the title deeds of *Rofe's* eftate, which he prefents to her. Such is the outline of a comedy, certainly not inferior to any of the author's former productions. If the idea of exciting the diftrefs of the parties by the circumftance of a furreptitious will, is not entitled to much praife for its novelty, ftill it muft be allowed, the author has fhewn a confiderable degree of judgment in his management of it. It produces incidents which are highly interefting. The fentiments with which the play abounds, are many and excellent; particularly thofe from the mouth of *April*, convey much morality. The author has, with confiderable humour, lafhed many of the prominent follies and abfurdities of the age.

OBSER-

OBSERVATIONS BY ANOTHER CORRESPONDENT.

The characters have not to boast of much originality, though they possess some novelty of feature.—Lewis is a whimsical auctioneer, whose business consists chiefly in *holding up* virtue to the greatest advantage, and *knocking down* vice, in whatever shape it presents itself to him. Speaking of a reduced and wearied military officer, whom he accidentally meets in the street, and to whom he offers his purse, he observes, that his head, if well drawn on canvas, would sell for twenty guineas; but, placed as it was upon human shoulders, the greatest *cognoscenti* would not give sixpence for it. This, and a few other such observations of the Knight of the Hammer, made his part go off to great advantage.—Pope has the character of an amiable young gentleman; Holman, a reduced officer; Quick, a villainous servant; Munden, a designing knave; Fawcett, a faithful old steward; Knight, an emaciated young buck; Mrs. Mattocks, a faithful old servant; and Mrs. Spencer, an amiable young lady, distressed on account of her marriage.—The performers exerted themselves to the utmost of their abilities, and to the successful exertions of Pope, Lewis, Holman, Munden, Quick, and Mrs. Spencer, in particular, the author owes much.

The Prologue and Epilogue were well delivered by Mr. Whitfield and Mrs. Mattocks; the latter, which is from the pen of Mr. Andrews, contains some neat points respecting the prevailing fashions of the day, and handsomely dresses the caxons of our modern fair ones, who not content with wearing the *breeches*, arrogate to themselves also the display of a *brushy wig*.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

"They *eat* my meat, *drink* my drink, *lay*
"with my wife, and then dam'me, Sir,
"I wear a sword!"

MR. EDITOR,

I Am one of those unfortunates, who have been for a series of years the dupe of pretended friends and obtruding visitants; but having very luckily, and very recently, shaken off the shackles of domestic profusion, I am induced in the openness of my heart, to offer, through your entertaining vehicle, a kind of experimental warning to a great number, who, like myself, are unfortunately possessed of too great a portion of what is *mis*-termed hospitality, for the promotion of their bodily ease, or personal interest. To a man of your general observation, it cannot be unknown, that there are a kind of voracious *sharks* of both sexes, who finding other peoples chairs much easier, and viands more delicious than their own, seldom stay longer at their own habitations, than to recruit exhausted nature (by its required portion of rest), and to decorate their persons for the intended excursion of the following morning.

These sort of people generally call with a "how d'ye do?" *en passant*, affect hurry to an extreme, till having obtained the desirable point of invitation, they are yours *ad infinitum*—breakfast, dinner, tea, supper, and bed (if possible). Nothing but the repeated and vociferous monotony of the midnight remembrancer, and the repeated *yawnings* of the disquieted family, can hold forth a hint sufficiently broad, for the much wished for departure of such *valuable* and *disinterested* friends.

Thus much, Sir, by way of prelude

lude to a recital of my own case, which shall absolutely be no more than an unembellished statement of facts, divested of every exaggeration that is so frequently furnished, by way of giving a higher and more attracting tint, (or colouring) to matter intended for the press. Weakly conceiving a very few years since, that every invitation from home was the effusion of sincere friendship, or unaffected hospitality, and being much more the domestic man, than the depredator already described, I returned those civilities by declining the seeming favour intended, with a general invitation, "that my dinner hour was four, and that a something in the family way was upon the table at or near that time," adding forcibly, (to insure such *good* friends from *disappointment*) that "I did not dine out of my own house from Michaelmas to Midsummer." In this conjunctive declaration it seems, I, "sealed my own d——n;" for a very few days convinced me, I was *too good a mark* for any kind of sportsman to *miss*, and there were very few weeks in which it did not happen, that two or three days in each, there were that number of unexpected guests sat down to dinner, and, as may naturally be concluded, very few left their appetites behind their inclinations, to the great inconvenience, not to say severe mortification of the servants, who enjoyed no better prospect than *empty dishes*, and most frequently, without any pecuniary compensation for their compulsive abstinence. Worn out at length with the incessant repetition of such unbounded confidence, and brought to a proper degree of reflection, by the consumption of three and twenty dozen of wine, and six and thirty pounds worth of spirits, within fifteen months, to visitors of this description, I was induced to make a mental allusion to the probable expence of the *solids*, and from thence form some idea of how much I had *robbed* my family by a mistaken hospitality, which had thus laid me open to the full force of determined depredation. It is a medical maxim, that the disease well known, and perfectly understood, is half cured; the first was evidently demonstrated, the latter only remained to be attained. A lucky adage instantly occurred.

Touch my *pocket*, touch my *friendship*,

was too trite not to be remembered, and was as expeditiously brought into use upon the occasion. Having some few "Acceptances" in my possession (the whole not exceeding forty pounds), that had short dates to run, I was determined to avail myself of the opportunity, to try the sincerity of those who had so repeatedly bestowed their praises upon the neatness of my dinners, the goodness of my wine, the excellence of my punch, and the friendly hospitality of the *tout ensemble*. To render the explanatory part concise as possible, it must suffice to say, I dispatched my securities to each in succession, accompanied with a solicitation of temporary accommodation, by discounting the notes; when, strange to recite, stranger to believe, excuses of the most trifling nature arrived in rotation, though the parties applied to, were absolutely and individually in possession of some thousands in Bank Stock, with a variety of easy *et ceteras*, which neither your room or my time will permit me to particularize. The experiment, however, (for really and *bona fide* it was no more) has fully answered every hope and expectation, having rid my premises of a set of *locusts*, who have too long preyed upon the most liberal and disinterested credulity; I now enjoy my armed chair without restraint, and have room to stretch my

my legs before a fire, too long proſtituted to the worſt of purpoſes, which ſhall undergo a future diſquiſition, ſhould this prove worthy inſertion. In the mean time permit me to declare myſelf, with equal truth and ſincerity, your conſtant reader,

Jan. 15, 1798. A SPORTSMAN.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.

BLUE BEARD,

[*A Muſical After-piece.*]

A Dramatic Romance, called *Blue Beard,* was performed for the firſt time at this Theatre, on Tueſday evening, January 16.

The ſtory of Blue Beard is too popular to require any particular comment, and it will therefore be ſufficient to remark, that the Author has taken the chief out lines of it as the ground-work of his Romance.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Abomelique, (Blue Beard)	*Mr. Palmer.*
Ibrahim,	*Mr. Suett.*
Selim,	*Mr. Kelly.*
Shacabac,	*Mr. Banniſter, jun.*
Spahis,	*Meſſrs. Sedgwick, Dignum, Banniſter, Wathen, Trueman, and Davis.*
Haſſan,	*Mr. Hollingſworth.*
Slaves,	*Mr. Webb, Mr. Maddocks.*
Fatima,	*Mrs. Crouch.*
Irene,	*Miſs De Camp.*
Beda,	*Mrs. Bland.*

Blue Beard has been already dramatiſed on the French ſtage, and the uncommon ſucceſs with which that exhibition was crowned, has doubtleſs induced the Managers of this Theatre to make a ſimilar experiment.

Mr. Colman has had the taſk of adapting the ſubject to an Engliſh audience, and he has in the execution diſplayed infinite taſte and great ingenuity.

The Managers have been extremely liberal in their diſburſements, to render the piece worthy of public encouragement; and it is unqueſtionably, in all its various branches, as rich and ſuperb a ſpectacle, as any which in our recollection has been produced on this ſtage.

The Painter and the Machiniſt have exerted themſelves with the happieſt effect The dreſſes are in the moſt magnificent and characteriſtic ſtile, and the decorations are elegantly fancied.

The muſic is ſtated to have been compoſed and ſelected by Mr. Kelly.

The proceſſion of Blue Beard and his retinue over the Mountains is exquiſitely beautiful, and the deluſion of the perſpective is new to the ſtage.

The charming Pariſot made her appearance, and danced in her peculiar ſtile of true taſte and elegance.

Palmer, Kelly, Mrs. Crouch, and Miſs Decamp, exerted their abilities throughout with the happieſt effect.

A ſentence of Suet—" Oh what a fine thing it is to be a great Miniſter whom no one dares to turn out," was ſeized upon by the audience as a political alluſion to the preſent day, and produced a mixed acclamation of applauſe and cenſure, as political alluſions always do. Perhaps in the preſent inſtance it was not intended by the author.

It is needleſs to ſay that the piece was received with rapture; ſome curtailments took place after the firſt night's repreſentation, which

which were judicious and necessary. One or two of the Comic songs are given in our Poetical department.

COURSING MEETINGS.

ESSEX. — BRADWELL COURSING CLUB.

FIRST SPRING MEETING, TUESDAY, JANUARY 16, 1798.

1. MR. Dudley's dun dog *Merlin*, beat Mr. Peacock's black and white dog *Pyeball.*
2. Mr. Pigot's black and white bitch *Myrtle*, beat Mr. Causton's bl. b. *Norfolk.*
3. Mr. Causton's bl dog *Salisbury*, beat Mr. Mitchell's red b. *Lady.*
4. Mr. Dudley's bl. dog *Friday*, beat Mr. Robinson's red and white dog *Windsor.*
5. Mr. Causton's bl. dog *Sampson*, beat Mr. Pigott's bl. bitch *Myrtilla.*
6. Mr. Dudley's dun b. *Trull*, beat Mr. J. Wright's bl. dog *Slope.*
7. Mr. Pattison's bl. b. *Mouse*, beat Mr. Wilkinson's red b. *Pink.*
8. Mr. Dudley's dun dog *Snap*, beat Mr. Houghton's brindle b. *Fly.*
9. Mr. P. L. Wright's mottled b. *Nettle*, beat Mr. C. Parker's dun and w. b. *Matchless.*
10. Mr. Rush's bl. dog *Hercules*, beat Mr. P. L. Wright's red dog *Smut.*

There were several *dead courses* in the running of other matches, which the judges, therefore, could not decide:—the hares ran stout, and the day's sport proved a very fine one. The favourite old dog *Miller*, belonging to Mr. Dudley, running a single-handed course, with his usual celebrity, the Society unanimously voted, that a portraiture of this extraordinary dog should be painted, and hung up in the Club-room.—The Second Meeting on Tillingham Marshes, was named for Wednesday, the 7th of February next.

PETWORTH COURSING MEETING.

The Coursing Prize Cup, given annually by the late Earl of Egremont, was won on Tuesday, January 16, by

Mr. Tredcroft's *Catch*, beating 21 others.
Catch was afterwards challenged, and beat easy, by Mr. Baker's *Nannette.*

Mr Pickering's *Prætext*, beat Mr. Napper's *Frisky*,

Mr. Pickering's *Pretender*, beat Lord Tyrconnel's *Driver.*

Mr. Fearon's *Catch*, beat Mr. Ayling's *Cashier.*

Mr. Clayton's *Spark*, beat Mr. Fearon's *Catch.*

Mr. Andrews's *Spring*, beat Mr. Salter's *Driver*; and

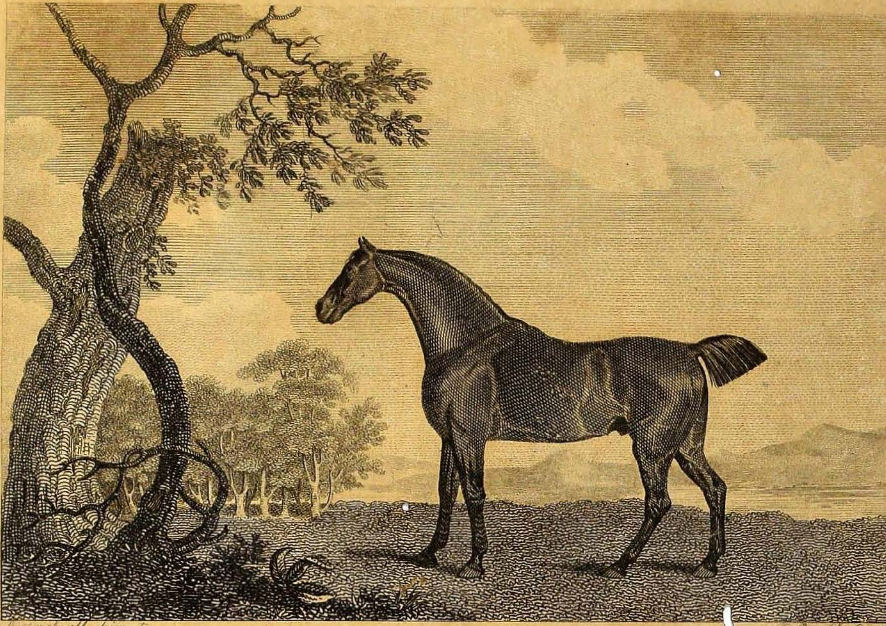
Mr. Russel's *Puss*, beat Mr. Smallpiece's *Venus.*

In the race for the Cup the company were greatly disappointed of their expected gratification, owing to the eagerness of the horsemen, which occasioned the hare to direct her course through them, and escape from the sight of nearly all the dogs. The hares through the wetness of the season, were not so strong as usual: but upon the whole, the sport was tolerably good, and well attended.

PHOSPHORUS BY ECLIPSE.

[*With an Engraved Portrait.*]

IT should seem by the concise history we mean to accompany the copper-plate representation of the subject before us, that horses as well as men, (according to the *ebbs* and *flows* of Shakespeare's tide) are dependent upon the critical minute that exalts them to the summit of fame, or dooms them to inevitable obscurity. As for instance, a horse well trained and judiciously matched,



Marshall pinx.t — J. Scott Sculp

PHOSPHORUS by ECLIPSE

Published Feb.y 1-1798 by J. Wheble Warwick Court.

ed, shall become and continue an object of distinguished celebrity and proportional admiration; while, on the other hand, indifferently trained, or more indifferently matched, he glides into oblivion without a single distinguishing trait or performance, by which his name or pedigree may be deemed worthy of record, or transmission to posterity. By this inexplicable chance, the fate of Phosphorus seems hitherto to have been invariably regulated; if unfortunate himself, he has been the property of those who have been proportionally more so. But as it is the history of the horse we mean to introduce, and not the adventures of his owners, we proceed to state his pedigree, which will sufficiently prove him to possess an accumulation of the best and most esteemed blood this day in the kingdom; being

"Got by Eclipse, dam by Herod, grand dam by Matchem, great grand dam by Regulus, out of an own sister to the Ancaster Starling."

He was purchased when two years old at two hundred guineas; in training he beat three of the best trial horses at Newmarket; and at the very moment of having ascertained the extent of his powers, and the pecuniary arrangements made to back him to any amount, he sustained an injury in his last sweat, and never started in public. Every hope and expectation of pre-eminence being thus destroyed by misfortune, he was gradationally doomed to permanent obscurity, in which his vicissitudes have borne no inapplicable similitude to the adventures of Robinson Crusoe. At one period he was covering mares in private at five guineas each, and then sequestered for twelve months in a coach-house, without going once over the threshold to meet the penetrating eye of curiosity, or to encounter the force of any attachment. During this whole period he was absolutely excluded every advantage of light, air, and exercise; and if we may venture to presume, he was imprisoned to avoid the payment of debts, not of his own contracting. After unexpectedly emerging (and not in the best state) from his obscurity, he was transferred by purchase to his present owner*, who hunted him with the King's stag-hounds three different days this season, merely to furnish a display of his speed and powers, (where he was much noticed by his Majesty, Prince Ernest, Lord Chesterfield, and the whole body of sportsmen) preparatory to his covering at Maidenhead Thicket the ensuing season; and so great an advocate is the owner known to be for the propagation of *blood* and *bone*, that for the general promotion of so desirable an object, he will permit him to cover at only one guinea and half-a-crown. He is a beautiful bay, fifteen hands three inches high, with bone in proportion, and admirably calculated to get stock of a superior description, as may be readily conceived by a minute examination of the exact likeness we have given from the original picture by Mr. Marshall, engraved by Scott.

* Mr. Taplin.

BILLIARD FRACAS.

ABOUT the middle of the month a very *serious fracas* took place at the most fashionable billiard-table in London, in a subscription-house at the bottom of St. James's-street.

The parties were a ——, not a *sprig*, but a *strong branch* of nobility; and a *ci-devant* wine and brandy merchant retired from business, whom a *democratic* voter in the House of Commons regards with an

ariſtocratic eye at the gaming-table, becauſe he has been *in trade!*

The cauſe of quarrel was this:—the wine-merchant was playing at billiards; the noble always willing to pick up a few guineas backed him; to ſhew his earneſtneſs, the wine-merchant offered to go the noble's halves—agreed to—he loſt three times: the noble declared off, and backed him alone:—loſt again. Why, ſaid the noble, clapping his arms akimbo, and ſtrutting *up to*, and *looking down upon* the wine-merchant—you can loſe when you pleaſe.—What do you mean?—I mean that you're a raſcal—you're a raſcal for ſaying ſo!—Such was the *courſe of exchange* between theſe two gentlemen, when the noble up with his fiſt, ſtruck the wine-merchant between the eyes and knocked him down! but the wine-merchant, though he had left off dealing in the article was not *out of ſpirits*. Up he ſtarted, and at it again. But, alas, he was but a *ſhrimp* compared with the noble, who is a very big ſtrong young man: as big and ſtrong for inſtance as the Hon. Mr. T——n, brother of the Earl of T——t. The conteſt was very unequal; the diſparity of ſtrength was ſo great, that the noble muſt have forgot the *age* of *chivalry* when he attacked ſo feeble an antagoniſt; his victory was eaſily gained, but it added nothing to his *laurels*:—much, very much *the contrary!*

How the game will be *played out* is uncertain. The wine-merchant is not yet in *que*. The *red* game and *cannons* in the field of honour are talked of, in which caſe the *Greek fire* will certainly blaze with fury; but it is believed that the noble will not attempt a *dead hazard*. Report ſays, Lord Kenyon is to be appointed *marker* of the game, and the matter is to be referred to his deciſion. Of the further progreſs of this dreadful buſineſs, the public will probably hear next month through the medium of the Sporting Magazine.

THE FEAST OF WIT;

OR,

SPORTSMAN's HALL.

MUSICAL BON MOT.

AT a faſhionable coterie one day laſt month, a lady, after playing on the piano-forte an admirable production of Cramer's, was aſked by an amateur, "whether ſhe had performed it to pleaſe herſelf? obſerving, that the brilliancy of her finger was conſpicuouſly diſplayed in every note ſhe touched:" to which ſhe replied, "the ſuperior merit of the compoſition deſerved better execution, but, if there had not been ſo much *running about* in it, and ſo many chromatic difficulties to encounter, ſhe ſhould have played it with more pleaſure to herſelf." "In that caſe," ſays the gentleman, "a lamp-lighter, in my opinion, would have done more juſtice to the concerto than yourſelf." "A lamp-lighter!" rejoined the aſtoniſhed lady: "certainly, Madam, for he would have been perfectly at home in the *allegro movement*, and would have thrown *additional light* on every *paſſage he came to.*"

A gentleman at one of the faſhionable clubs was reading the account of a remarkable feat of the "Society of College Youths," who, in two hours, rung a peal of three thouſand changes upon a *ſet* of treble *bob-majors*. An Iriſh Greek who was preſent, and who, though an excellent performer upon the *box* and the bones, was utterly

utterly unacquainted with the noble ſcience of *jingling*, interrupted him with, "Poo, honey, what is that to what *I* did. By J—s, I *rung* the *changes* upon a ſimple *Colonel* to the *tune* of *ſix* thouſand in half the time."

PARLIAMENTARY BULL.

One of the annual Bills now paſſing through the Houſe of Commons, is intitled, "A Bill for preventing the importation of *French* cambrics and lawns, not being the manufacture of *Ireland!*"

It is the policy of the "Greeks," and particularly of the Iriſh ones, to ſaddle themſelves upon ſome Man of Family and Fortune, with the hope of *riding home* upon him at a favourable opportunity. An *unfortunate* member of this claſs, lately meeting another with a well appointed groom and pair of horſes, exclaimed—"Ah, by my ſoul, but you're a lucky fellow. The time was when I never was in want of a plump nag to throw my leg over;" adding, in all the richneſs of the *brogue*, "but I'm now reduced to BORRY the *raw-dun* of a *good-natured* friend."

BIRTHS.

On Tueſday, January 9, Mrs. *Shoe*, wife of Mr. Jonathan *Shoe*, Shoemaker, of Dover, was ſafely delivered of—*a pair of ſhoes*.

BUONAPARTE.

The following Anecdotes of Buonaparte are given in the *Echo de la Republique* of the 2d inſtant. This General was at a meeting where the Merchants deliberated on the aids to be furniſhed to Government, for the purpoſe of facilitating the decent upon England. A perſon aſked his neighbour, "who was that ſtranger?"—"He is a young Merchant," ſaid the other, "who lately came from *Vienna*, and is ſhortly going to *London!*"

Buonaparte, the ſame paper adds, being aſked how he came to grant ſuch advantageous conditions to the Emperor, replied, with much *naivette* "I was playing at *vingt-un*—I held *twenty* in my hand, and I ſtood there."

When Buonaparte received the *elegant* congratulatory addreſs of the *poiſſardes* of *Paris*, he thanked the *Ladies* for the honour they had conferred upon him; but ſaid, "that he ſhould be unable to make them a *ſuitable reply* until they next met together at *le* BILLINGSGATE *de Londres!*"

Among the regulations entered into by the Rochdale Volunteers, is one that may amuſe our numerous readers:—The officers of that corps agree to give a premium of ten guineas to any volunteer who has, in lawful wedlock, twin male children born alive, and that ſuch of the officers as the parents approve, ſhall ſtand godfathers; theſe gentlemen, ſays our correſpondent, have now an opportunity of rewarding *honeſt induſtry*, as on Friday ſe'nnight the wife of —— Aſhworth, a private in Captain Hamer's company, was ſafely delivered of two fine boys.

"An

AN ENGLISH BULL.

An advertisement in one of the daily papers begins thus:—"To be lett *immediately*, or SOONER, if *required*, &c.

ANECDOTE.

Mr. Wilkes (in his juvenile days) going to Dolly's chop-house, accidentally seated himself near a rich and purse-proud citizen, who almost stunned him with roaring for his *stake*, as he called out. Mr. Wilkes, in the mean time, asking him some common question, received a very brutal answer; the steak coming at that instant, Mr. Wilkes turned to his friend, saying, "See the difference between the City and the Bear Garden; in the latter the bear is brought to the *stake*, but here the steak is brought to the bear.

"A little mirth (as Mr. Erskine says) is good in this melancholy life." To that good, no one in the Poetical way contributes more freely than Mr. Collins, author of the *Brush*. The well known answer of the Clown, if he were King, is thus happily versified:

Quoth Hodge, while zwinging on a gate,
If I, vorsooth, could live in state,
And like a King could wear a crown,
And white bread eat instead of brown;
And then to keep my guts well greas'd,
Could bolt fat bacon when I pleas'd,
I'd whistle all my time away,
And zwing upon a gate all day.

And if a kingdom I could rule,
And zway alike the herring pool,
On roasted oxen would I dine,
And fish by cart-loads should be mine;
Then eat up all the birds that fly,
And drink the main Zea Ocean dry,
While whistling all my time away,
And zwinging on a gate all day.

And then I'd have a thousand wives,
To coax and please me all their lives;
A thousand horses too to ride,
A thousand coaches too bezide:
A thousand barrels of strong beer,
And thousand zuits of costly geer;
While whistling all my time away,
And zwinging on a gate all day.

And then the zyder's juice to squeeze,
I'd have a thousand apple trees;
And borders make for garden beds,
By cutting off a thousand heads;
And if a man but look'd awry,
I'd bid my guards scoop out his eye;
While zwinging on a gate all day,
And whistling all my time away.

Thus Hodge with fancy took full swing,
The gate his kingdom—he a King,
And happy if to wear a crown,
A man there lives like this same clown,
'Twere better far, should fate decree,
That he was Hodge, tho' Hodge not he:
Then let him whistle time away,
And zwing upon a gate all day.

BRUSH.

One day this month was married at Torry, in Scotland, J. Shepherd, barber and field-preacher, aged twenty, to Miss Nelly Auld, of Nigg, aged seventy-seven, three feet high, and deformed to the last degree of contortion. Though the day was very stormy and rough, yet so great was the public curiosity, that not only the ferry-boats, but the whale-boats were employed a great part of the day, in conveying people across the river, to witness such very extraordinary nuptials.—*Aberdeen Journal.*

Nathaniel Monks, the famous Cock-fighter, being on a Sunday at Dean Church, near Bolton, Lancashire, and falling a sleep in the middle of the sermon, the beadle tapped him on the shoulder, when Monks, then in a dream rose up, and exclaimed,

"Black Cock for ever,"

which so disconcerted the clergyman,

man, and excited the laughter of the congregation, that it was ſome time before the former could proceed in his diſcourſe, or the latter become ſilent to hear him.

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.

During the war before laſt, an Engliſh ſailor, at a ſea-port town in America, ſtrolled into a methodiſts tabernacle, where one of the diſciples of Whitfield was holding forth with declamatory virulence. After he had expatiated ſome time on the wickedneſs of mankind, he deſcended from general to particular applications, and addreſſing himſelf to the congregation, exclaimed with great vehemence, "Yes, I myſelf will appear againſt you at the day of judgment, and tell our Saviour what villains ye were during your lives!"—The honeſt tar, who had hitherto liſtened with wonderful patience, hearing this pious and charitable threat, drew the quid from his mouth, and called out, "Not unlikely, by G—d, for the greateſt rogues always turn King's evidence."

AMERICA.

The age of chivalry is not over, and challenges have been given even in the midſt of a yellow fever, which one would think was killing people faſt enough already. The *fear of God or the Law*, are uſual and juſt grounds of refuſing; but I will give you a ſample of the way in which I got off with ſome of my challenges, in the following letter and anſwer:

"*Pittſburgh, Oct.* 15, 1797.

"SIR,

"I will thank you to take a walk with a friend and meet me at the back of the grave yard, about ſun-riſe to morrow morning.—After what has happened, you know what I mean.

Your humble ſervant, &c."

H. H. Brackenridge, Eſq.

"*Pittſburgh, Oct.* 15, 1797.

"SIR,

"I know what you mean very well: you want to have a ſhot at me; but I have no inclination to hit you, and I am afraid you will hit me; I pray thee therefore have me excuſed.

"H. H. BRACKENRIDGE."

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE Princeſs Elizabeth's garter came off while ſhe was dancing a minuet with the Duke of Clarence, at her Majeſty's Ball, on Thurſday night, January 18. Her Royal Highneſs was immediately appriſed of the circumſtance by Princeſs Sophia; but quoting the motto, *Honi ſoit qui mal y penſe*, ſhe finiſhed her dance before ſhe paid any attention to the ſiſterly admonition. The garter was white.

Thomas Mills, of Kingſton, in Cambridge, has been convicted for ſnaring of hares, and not being able to pay the penalty, is committed to the county priſon for three months.

One day this month, as John Caſtle, of Full-brook, near Burford, Oxfordſhire, was ſhooting at ſome pigeons belonging to Farmer Sucker, and being noticed by two of

of the Farmer's ſervants, they purſued him, when he, to prevent being taken, ran into the river Windruſh, and getting out of his depth was unfortunately drowned.

We inſerted in a former Number, an article reſpecting a child being recovered from convulſion fits, by applying the naked breaſt of a live pigeon to its ſtomach: the ſame experiment has been lately made on the child of a poor perſon at Clipſtone, Northamptonſhire, and with equal ſucceſs. The infant had had ſeveral violent fits, and its life was deſpaired of. In one of theſe the breaſt of a pigeon was applied to the pit of the ſtomach, and in a few minutes the child revived. The ſame experiment was made ſeveral times, and with the ſame effect: the pigeon, however, did not appear to be convulſed, nor to have ſuſtained any injury, and notwithſtanding the loſs of feathers, it is ſtill alive, and pecks as well as uſual.

On Monday, January 1, was rang at St. Michael's, Coſlany, Norwich, by a ſelect company, one thouſand ſeven hundred and ninety-eight changes of that ingenious peal, called Norwich-court-bob. For regular ſtriking, the ingenuity of the peal, and being the date of the year, gave great ſatisfaction to all judicious hearers, who delight in the art of campanology.

Lord Francis Spencer, ſecond ſon to the Duke of Marlborough, lately fell from his horſe while hunting, in Oxfordſhire. His Lordſhip is ſaid to have ſuſtained a ſerious injury from the accident.

At Eſher Park, Surrey, one day this month, an ewe, of the Dorſetſhire breed, the property of Mr. Ducker, yeaned *four lambs*, all ſtrong and likely to do well.

A ſheep of an extraordinary nature was lately ſlaughtered by Mr. Picking, a butcher, at Wincheſter, the carcaſe of which weighed only forty-ſeven pounds, and the looſe fat in it fifty pounds. This may be ſaid, in the butcher's phraſe, to dance naked.

The Duke of Richmond is unpleaſantly engaged in a ſerious conteſt with a gang of *Suſſex poachers*, who, in their laſt aſſault, have threatened, by various threatening letters, to deſtroy his Grace and all his gamekeepers.

One day this month, Anthony Powell, a young man belonging to his Majeſty's Kennell, was found on Aſcot Heath, nearly expiring; he had ſpent the preceding evening at the Fleur-de-lis, Hatchet-lane, and is ſuppoſed to have fallen into a fit on his way home; after he was found, he uttered ſome indiſtinct words, and though every aſſiſtance was immediately adminiſtered to him, he ſoon afterwards expired.

A few weeks ſince Mr. Harris, of Uxbridge, Farmer Cheſley, of Botwell, and Farmer Eaſt, of the ſame neighbourhood, being out ſhooting on the grounds of Lord Berkeley, they were noticed and followed by one Clarkſon, and others, his Lordſhip's gamekeepers, when Mr. Harris ſhot a hen pheaſant over Clarkſon's head. We are not apprized of what immediately followed

lowed on the spot; but Clarkson afterwards preferred a bill of indictment under the black act, charging Harris with wilfully shooting at him, and the others with aiding, assisting, &c. On this charge, Mr. Harris and his companions were held three weeks in confinement, and not released until a jury declared the accusation to be unfounded.

By a letter received from Mr. Handy (the celebrated equestrian performer) the loss of the Viceroy packet, from Liverpool to Dublin, is confirmed.—Mr. Handy lost seventeen horses, and twenty-seven persons belonging to his company, including their families, that were on board; among those who unfortunately perished were the admired Child of Promise, (Mr. Handy's daughter); Mr. Robinson, his wife, and four children; Mr. Carr, his wife, and two children; the wife of Mr. Davies, with two children.

Mr. Handy, Mr. L. White, Mr. Davies, and Madame Simmonet, were fortunately in another packet.

Thursday at the quarter sessions for Cambridge, the driver and guard belonging to the Wisbeach mail coach, were brought before the Court, for suffering a gentleman of the University to drive the said coach, whereby it was overturned, and a woman was much hurt; when they both received a severe reprimand from the Chairman; and after having paid all expences, and made satisfaction to the injured person, they were dismissed, under a promise not to offend in like manner for the future.

The Turks, (according to Mr. Hunter) are very fond of chess, which is a game that corresponds with the gravity of their tempers. An anecdote was not long since related to me, which proves at once their partiality for this amusement, and their indifference about matters of much higher concern. An Aga had incurred the displeasure of his sovereign, and the warrant for his execution arrived, whilst he was engaged at chess. The game was nearly over, and he begged the officers, who were the messengers of his fate, to delay the sentence for a few minutes, that he might have the satisfaction of beating his adversary. His request was granted: and, when the game was finished, he thanked them for their civility and condescension; kissed the order which deprived him of life, and submitted, with the greatest composure, to the stroke of the executioner.

On Saturday the 28th ult. an inquisition was taken before Peter Chambers, Gent. Coroner for the borough of Bury St. Edmund's, on the body of John Smith, woolcomber, aged upwards of sixty, who was shot dead the previous evening on the premises of Huxley Sandon, Esq. resident Commissary in that town.—It appeared in evidence to the Coroner's inquest that several attempts had been recently made to rob the house of Captain Sandon, situate in Westgate-street, and his dogs were suspected to have been previously poisoned, but the effects thereof were counteracted by timely administering sweet oil to them.. That his servant boy, who was both deaf and dumb, by signs which his master perfectly well understood, acquainted him that he had once seen a man upon the garden wall, and at another time one running along the

the garden; that the quarries of glaſs in the ſtore-cloſet caſement were taken out, and the lead pulled out ſome time before, which, however, had ſince been repaired.—That about ten days ago, on Captain Sandon's going to London, he left the houſe in the ſole charge of the above lad, and having loaded a fowling-piece with ſmall ſhot, ordered the boy, if any further attempts were made to break into the houſe, to fire at the depredators:—That on Friday evening about nine o'clock, whilſt the ſervant was ſitting alone in the kitchen, a large Pruſſian dog, belonging to Captain Sandon (which ſeldom or ever barks) by ſcratching at the door, attracted the lad's notice, who, on getting up, it being moon-light, perceived ſomebody paſs the window, upon which he fetched the gun from the parlour, and gently opening the yard door, diſcovered a man facing him, at not more than three yards diſtance, near the dog-kennel, at whom he immediately fired, and lodged the contents of the piece in his head, which entered near his right eye, and ſhot away part of the ſkull with the brain.—The ſervant inſtantly acquainted the next door neighbour with what he had done, (who recogniſed the deceaſed) and then informed his maſter, who returned the ſame evening from town by the coach, but had not yet got home to his own dwelling.—The neceſſary ſteps were then taken for ſummoning a jury, and the body remained untouched, under the protection of two conſtables, 'till they took a view of it next morning, when a pot and pan were found under the deceaſed's arm, the latter of which belonged to the houſe, and ſome ſtrips of wood, which were broken off the dog-kennel, were tied up in his apron, but no offenſive weapon, except a common oak walking ſtick, was found upon him, nor had any attempt been made to force the houſe. A pointer dog was looſed from his chain in the morning of the ſame day, and has not ſince been found.—On behalf of the deceaſed it appeared that he had quitted work only a few minutes before he met his untimely fate, and had been accompanied part of the way home by one of his ſhopmates; and all the witneſſes who knew him, deſcribed him as a harmleſs inoffenſive man, of whom they knew no ill before, having worked near thirty years in the ſame comb-ſhops.

The Jury, after due conſideration, brought in their verdict, Juſtifiable Homicide.

It is remarkable that the garden wall over which the deceaſed climbed is full ſeven feet high, and from being a lame man, it is conjectured that he muſt have had ſome accomplice, the ſame houſe having been robbed laſt winter of plate, &c. when occupied by a widow lady.

MOORS MORE DANGEROUS THAN WILD BEASTS.

Among the diſcoveries of Mr. Mungo Park, the African traveller, one of the moſt important is, that the River Niger runs eaſtward, as it is ſaid by Herodotus. It is in moſt places larger than the Thames, and is navigated by double canoes. Some of the kingdoms near its banks extend two hundred miles in length, and near half as much in breadth.

Mr. Park travelled near two thouſand miles inland from the weſtern coaſt of the ocean. He found the inhabitants Negroes, with a ſlight mixture of Moors. They cultivate the

the ground by flaves, ufing hoes. They do not make ufe of ploughs or cattle. Their manufactures are cloth of cotton, which every family weaves for its own ufe. They have iron ore, which they fufe with charcoal, and make of it knives, &c. Their towns are meaner than thofe of South Barbary; the houfes of one ftory, flat roofs, and unadorned by any public monuments.

Through almoft the whole extent of Mr. Park's travels, he found the Lotus, which affords a farinaceous fubftance, made into bread, and which, with the Indian corn, is the chief fupport of the inhabitants. There is another tree, which he calls the butter-tree, becaufe the kernels of its nuts afford a fubftance exactly refembling butter in its tafte, as well as colour and confiftency. The natives are ignorant Pagans; phyfic and conjuring are the moft ufeful traders in travelling through their country.

Their medium of exchange confifts in gold duft, and the fhells called couries, which pafs as coin in India. They are not cruel or unfriendly to ftrangers. A King of one of the largeft diftricts, about fifteen hundred miles from the Weftern coaft, though he fufpected Mr. P. to be fent as a fpy, yet difmiffed him with a prefent of five thoufand couries. Lions and other wild beafts are not formidable obftacles to a traveller Mr. P. was more afraid of meeting with one Moor than with twenty lions.

EPITAPH.

The epitaph in Nunnington church, near Malton, upon that famous Jockey, called Tom Jackfon, who was rider to Mr. Routh, of Dinfdale, Yorkfhire, and Mr. John Shafto, of Newmarket.

"To the memory of Thomas Jackfon, who was fo well known for his extraordinary performances upon the turf. He was born at Thornton, in the ftreet near Thirfk, bred at Black Hambledon, and crowned with glory at Newmarket. He died at Nunnington, worn out in the fervice of his friends, February 2, 1766, aged 62. His faithful and meritorious fervices gained him this monument, which gives an ufeful leffon to the humbler part of mankind, who may learn from hence that men of honefty and induftry, may rife to glory, and have their memories recorded, as well as the great and noble."

DEATH OF A SPORTSMAN.

The following melancholy accident happened on Friday, the 22d ult. at Mendham, in Norfolk. As Mr. John Iverfon, of Kirby, in the faid county, was with feveral others hunting, Mr. I. (being foremoft in the chace) was taking a leap, a hound at that moment croffing him, he, in order to avoid riding over the dog, pulled his horfe on one fide, by which means he rode againft a tree with fuch violence, as knocked him off. He was conveyed home on a bed in a cart, and languifhed until the Friday following, and then expired, in the 35th year of his age. Mr. Iverfon was in Captain Smith's troop of Loddon yeomanry cavalry, and was allowed to be the beft horfeman in the county. His remains were interred at Kirby on Tuefday the 9th of January, with military honours, the Blofield troop, with the band, joining the Loddon. He was a man univerfally refpected, and was followed to his grave by not lefs than two thoufand people. He has left a wife and four children behind him.

The following is taken from a late York paper, which we readily insert in our Magazine, as a proof of the industry of a day-labourer, well worthy imitation:—"The most careless observer cannot have travelled between Tadcaster and York, without admiring the beautiful little cottage which lies close to the road, about a mile from the former place. The man who sets such a pattern of neatness, cleanliness, and fruitfulness, deserves to be noticed. The builder and occupier, Britton Abbot, is now sixty-seven years of age; he has been inured to labour in husbandry from his infancy, and is yet so strong, healthy, and industrious, that he now earns from twelve to eighteen shillings a week, by what is called *task-work*. He married when twenty-two a woman nearly his own age, who is still living. About thirty-three years ago, in consequence of the inclosure at Poppleton, he was under the necessity, with six helpless children, and his wife nearly down-laying, to quit a comfortable habitation. In the midst of his difficulties he applied to a gentleman in the neighbourhood for a bit of ground by the road side: his character being found good, he obtained the ground he now occupies, and by the assistance of the neighbours, in the carriage of materials, he built the cot which now stands upon it. This slip of land, no more than a rood, produces, by his care and management, annually, about forty bushels of potatoes, besides other vegetables and fruit, worth from three to four pounds. Thus was an industrious man, who would otherwise probably have pined in idleness and misery in a poor-house, enabled comfortably to bring up to puberty a large family, without the least assistance from a parish."

How much would it add to the wealth and populousness of the state, were those useless pieces of ground, which are observable in almost every part of the island, thus bestowed on industrious labours! How much more animated and grateful would be the view of picturesque villages, let on very small rents to useful members of society, around a park, than those useless uninhabited and uninhabitable pigmy models of Grecian Temples and Gothic Castles which a perverted taste has rendered so numerous!

FRAMPTON'S CRUELTY CONTRASTED WITH AN INSTANCE OF MODERN INHUMANITY.

In the year 1727, there lived a wretch named Tregonwell Frampton, Esq. of Moreton, Derbyshire; he was at that time father of the turf, and had been keeper of the running horses at Newmarket, to four successive sovereigns; he was the proprietor of a celebrated running stallion, named *Dragon*, which for speed and other excellencies had then no equal. By his success on the turf, and particularly by that of Dragon, he had won at least Forty Thousand Pounds; therefore he, above all others, should have been the last to have abused, or exercised any cruelty towards an animal of the brute creation, more especially one whose exertions had been so successfully employed in his service. But it was not so with Frampton; there are some men whose actions are often a disgrace to human nature; and *his* brutality, which closed the career of invincible Dragon, is a striking instance thereof.—After the reiterated victories of this favourite horse, it was in vain that a competitor on the turf was sought for; he had beat them all; he had won the whip; and he retired from

from the course to the seraglio, where he brought his master no small gains by propagating his species. Some time after, however, old Frampton received a challange from a gentleman, offering to run a mare against any horse he could produce for One Thousand Guineas: the bet was accepted, and Dragon's speed was again called into action; he went into training till the day of running, when victory again crowned his efforts, as he distanced his antagonist! The proprietor of the beaten mare now proposed a second bet of double the above sum, to run her next day against any *gelding* in the world; this was also accepted by Frampton—but what beast was to be selected to dispute the honour of the day with her? Why, to the eternal infamy and disgrace of Frampton, poor Dragon was to be qualified for the contest! that very beast who, in preference to every other of his species, was as justly entitled to the same degree of love and affection, as the ass that died after having travelled with his master over the Alps, which Sterne tells us of. The time of starting being arrived, every one was anxious for a sight of the gelding, as they all knew that it was next to an impossibility to produce one adequate to the speed of the mare; but how great was their surprise when Dragon was brought forward! There were but one or two persons in the secret; but, when the shocking intention of Frampton was generally known, the burst of indignation can be better conceived than described. But it had no effect on the wretched master of the valuable beast that was about to be sacrificed! he insisted on fulfilling the terms of the wager, and accordingly Dragon was thrown, castrated, mounted, and spurred on to the goal! Notwithstanding this wanton act of barbarity, he went off with his usual degree of vigour and again beat the mare! but, alas! it was the final victory of poor Dragon! for, having reached the winning post, after a sharply contested two mile heat, he sunk down and—expired!—Thus did the infamous owner of the most celebrated racer of his day, sacrifice a life at the very moment that it was his duty to have strained every nerve in preserving it. That great and good man, Dr. Hawkesworth, has mentioned the above transaction in the Rambler, where, speaking of it *in toto*, he says, after having learned the particulars, "When I had heard this horrid narrative, which, indeed, I remembered to be true, I turned about in honest confusion, and *blushed that I was a man!*"

The above account of the fate of Dragon will not, we hope, prove unacceptable or unentertaining to our readers, as it is meant as a companion to a transaction which took place on Saturday the 30th ult. at Winchester.

Mr. George M—r, of Winchester aforesaid, was proprietor of an excellent mare, but she could not boast the blood and breeding of old Frampton's horse; she was a hack. The odds were taken by M—r, to a considerable amount, who engaged that she should, with a rider, go one hundred miles in ten hours. The mare was accordingly trained, and every preparation made to ensure success. A part of the turnpike road near Lyndhurst was the scene of action; and the mare started about six o'clock in the morning, in high condition, considering she had but recently foaled. She performed the first fifty-nine miles in five hours fourteen minutes and an half, having had the bit once drawn. The impossibility of accomplishing the task might now be seen; the willing beast proceeded

thirteen

thirteen miles further, during the latter part of which ſhe exhibited a ſpectacle ſo ſhocking to the feelings of ſome of thoſe who went from Wincheſter to witneſs the performance, that they turned away aſhamed at the diſtreſs to which the poor creature was reduced, and the inhumanity that was made uſe of to preſs her a uſeleſs mile or two further: for the ſpurs and whip of her rider, and that of her maſter, were actively employed on the occaſion. Nature being now completely exhauſted, ſhe gave in, after having gone ſeventy-two miles! It was with great difficulty the mare was got back to Wincheſter, where, at four on Monday morning, January 15, ſhe died in conſequence of a mortification of the lungs!

We ſhall leave our readers to make their own comments, and draw their own compariſons on the *humanity* of the two gentlemen above-mentioned, and content ourſelves with hoping that whenever we have occaſion to ſpeak of a *manly* tranſaction, we may forget both Mr. Frampton and Mr. M—r.

POACHERS THREATENING THE DUKE OF RICHMOND AND OTHERS.

[*From the London Gazette of January* 23, 1798.]

WHITEHALL, JANUARY 19, 1798.

Whereas it has been humbly repreſented to the King, that two anonymous threatening letters have been addreſſed to the Duke of Richmond, one of which was hung up on the pales of John Shakſpear, Eſq. at Singleton, and the other incloſed in a letter to George Francis Tyſon, Eſq. at Drought, containing threats to kill the ſaid Duke and three of his Gamekeepers, and to deſtroy and burn his woods and plantations, and deſtroy Mr. Tyſon's plantations; and that the writers would "do for" the Farmers, and deſtroy their property and that of the Millers; and that they could raiſe forty Poachers any night.

His Majeſty, for the better apprehending and bringing to juſtice the perſon concerned in writing and ſending the letters above-mentioned, is hereby pleaſed to promiſe his moſt gracious pardon to any one of them, (except the perſon or perſons who actually wrote and ſent the ſaid letters) who ſhall diſcover his, her or their accomplice or accomplices therein, ſo that he, ſhe, or they may be apprehended and convicted thereof.

PORTLAND.

And, as a further encouragement, His Grace the Duke of Richmond, and ſeveral Magiſtrates, Yeomen, and others, have ſubſcribed the ſum of Two Thouſand Eight Hundred and Four Pounds Eleven Shillings, which is hereby offered to any perſon or perſons, excepting the writer or writers, or perſon or perſons who wrote or ſent either of the ſaid letters, who ſhall diſcover the perſon or perſons who wrote or ſent either of the ſaid letters, ſo that he or they may be convicted thereof, by due courſe of law.

Sunday, January 21, a journeyman baker undertook, for a wager of a guinea, to run twenty times round St. Paul's Church-yard in the ſpace of an hour, which he performed in fifty minutes.

It

It was our intention to have closed the present half sheet with Sporting Intelligence, but the Correspondent who favoured us with the following letter, being desirous of its appearing in the present Month's Magazine, we shall deviate a little from our customary arrangements, in order to give it admission in this place.

For the SPORTING MAGAZINE.

" Nay take my life and all, pardon not that:
" You take my house, when you do take
" the prop
" That doth sustain my house; you take
" my life,
" When you do take the means whereby I
" live."

SHAKESPEARE.

MR. EDITOR,

IT is an old and common place maxim, to " speak well of the bridge that carries one safe over," under the impressive influence of which suggestion, I conceive it but candid to speak with equal freedom of the bridge that is broken. Previous to farther progress, permit me to premise, that I am neither a party man, or political disputant, but a plain Old Sportsman, who has stood the variegated vicissitudes of fifty seasons, (and I may without ostentation venture to affirm) with as much credit and local respect as most of my neighbours; and although it is an axiom generally admitted, that every man has an indisputable right to offer a public opinion upon a public transaction, yet I have never presumed to obtrude one of my own, nor should I upon the present occasion have taken up the pen to solicit your attention, but (by the effusion) to take some trifling portion from the load of my mental disquietude. Let it be perfectly understood, I mean not to arraign the conduct of one party, or to extol the boasted or imaginary purity of another; having no other intent than to recite the political effect of the last seven years upon my own family, leaving the " just and necessary war," to be explored by those more inclined to deep researches and diplomatic investigation. I have the happiness to remember well the flourishing and much envied state of Old England, when the father of the present " *heaven-born* Minister," regulated the reins of government, as well as the general gloom and despondency that pervaded all classes in every part of the kingdom, at the time of his resignation; it is impossible also not to recollect (when I advert to my " school boy days") the incessant bonfires, illuminations, holidays, and rejoicings, that were eternally succeeding each other, for victories obtained over the enemies of this country during his administration; but as Jerry Sneak emphatically observes, " those happy days are gone and past," and there cannot be the least doubt but every rational observer, experiences sufficient mortification in ruminating upon the miseries of the present, without drawing a comparison between that and the past, or anticipating a greater portion of disquietude, by entering into an unpleasing prospect of the future.

For my own part, at the time the present Premier was pursuing his juvenile studies with the Rev. Mr. (now Doctor) Wilson, in Pope's favourite parish of Binfield, in Windsor Forest, I had then the happiness to enjoy those rural trifles, that in a great degree constitute the country comforts of this life. In short, I was enabled by a certain degree of economy and indefatigable industry,

industry, to keep a couple of as good horses in my stable, as are generally kept by those who go *nearest* the hounds. One of Wogdon's best killing guns adorned my chimney piece, and a brace of pointers (equally handsome and excellent) inhabited their untaxed tenements in the yard. My pantry was seldom or ever without a hospitable joint for the casual call of a brother Sportsman, or my cellar without a bottle to welcome my friend. My children were placed in seminaries of great celebrity, in an anxious hope I might be enabled to enrich their minds with treasures, that are not only an ornament to human nature, but tend to gratify the fond expectation of an affectionate parent. But of these pleasures, " as of a friend long lost think we no more," to the eye of impartiality " they seem beyond redemption gone," and it is not without a considerable share of regret and a *trickling tear* of remembrance, that I find myself at this period of life, deprived of the whole, by the all-protecting power of the present administration; with no other consolation than a retrospective allusion to the Parliamentary profession of placemen and pensioners, " that it is all for the good of my country." Alas! Poor Country!

My horses who contributed both to my enjoyment of health and pleasure, are under the pressure of accumulated taxation transferred to other hands, and perhaps a less humane master. My gun so long accustomed to knock down others, has at length been knocked down to the bidder of a few twenty shilling notes of the Bank of England. Those old and faithful servants, my pointers, have (*bona fide*) been transferred to ministerial Members of the senate; my hospitable joint has dwindled most compulsively to an occasional supply of mutton chops (or " snap goes the *gristkin*,"); no exhilirating bottle has graced what was the board of conviviality for twelve months past, and my children are unavoidably recalled to a more contracted, and of course less advantageous education.

Thus, Sir, deprived in the midst of health and hilarity, of what constituted the comforts of life, it is impossible for the most serene, tranquil, and philosophic mind, to submit to such a succession of sacrifices, without bestowing a profusion of patriotic acknowledgements upon those, who have brought about so happy a reform in my domestic concerns, by the brilliancy of their own atchievements. Having said thus much, I forbear entering into any disquisition that may lead you to a belief, I wish to render your entertaining vehicle, the instrument of political prostitution, which is by no means the motive; every old woman feels an inexpressible gratification in the free and unrestrained communication of her misfortunes, and I doubt not (under your permission) but the unembellished and unexaggerate statement of mine, may be read by many a hearty sportsman, who will sympathize with the writer in his recital, and consider it (as he does) one of the many proofs of the " prosperous state of the country," of which there are so many daily arising, that it is hardly possible to discern and decide which is the most predominant.

In respect to myself, when viewing the variegated vicissitudes of the journey of life, (with all its deceptive allurements) I feel myself perfectly disposed to confess, that I conceive to minds of moderate expectation, it is by much too long, and I hope never to encounter the disquietude and mortifications of old age. Your's, &c.

Jan. 22, 1798. VERITAS.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

A SOLUTION

Of the Cauſe of the peſtilential Vapours and Fogs at Paris, not to be accounted for on Medical or Chymical principles.

A SQUIB

After the manner of Alonſo the brave, and the fair Imogene's in the Monk, which ſome wags poſſibly may vote to be in the end

A CRACKER.

ON Paris, all hell ſeem'd to open her jaws,
And chaos recal ancient night;
For the medical tribe could not fathom the cauſe,
Th' effluvia deſpiſed all hermetical laws,
And the town were half dead with affright.
Poiſſardes thought they ſaw headleſs Louis ariſe,
Antoinette, and young Dauphin the heir;
The mangled Swiſs heroes appear'd to their eyes,
They ſaw their convulſions, and heard their laſt cries,
Their hearts were now rent with deſpair.
Their butchers dread fancy bade peep from the ground,
In viſions too horrid to tell;
Sin made their hearts tremble at every ſound,
Flames burſt in ſulphureous volumes around,
A type of the regions of hell.
But one of the quintriple council more wiſe,
Could to them the ſecret impart;
The truth is contain'd in a nutſhell he cries,
For the devil, our friend, as around us he flies,
Hath poiſon'd our noſtrils, and blaſted our eyes,
By letting a d——ble F.

CAPT. SNUG.

PROLOGUE

TO THE NEW COMEDY OF

FALSE IMPRESSIONS.

Spoken by Mr. MURRAY.

THE time hath been, but in a barbarous age,
When poets brav'd their audience from the ſtage.
Poets pontifical, whoſe lofty tone
Acknowledg'd no tribunal but their own,
And ſent their Prologue-purveyor to raiſe
Firſt fruits and fines of tributary praiſe.

Our modern bards are taught an humbler ſtrain,
And, if leſs valiant, are not half ſo vain;
No longer aim the nation's taſte to lead,
Content if they can follow and ſucceed.
Thus if the time ſhould come, when in the place
Of Nature you ſhou'd ſubſtitute grimace,
(Fatal reverſe!) What cou'd the Poet do?
Offend the many to appeaſe the few?
No, if in Greece true taſte had been as ſcarce,
The Stagyrite himſelf had ſtood for farce.
If wit thro' five long acts will not hold out,
Momus muſt help to ſtir the laugh about,
And when you crown his mummery with applauſe,
You bribe him to tranſgreſs the drama's laws.

He were a very wild romantic elf,
Who only wrote to figure on the shelf;
To hear his own sad sentiments rebound
Thro' empty galleries with a dying sound,
And sit like Seneca in calm decay,
Watching how life steals drop by drop away:
No, let him take his profit and his ease,
And trifle on so long as trifles please:
Too weak to struggle against fashion's tide,
If with the current he's content to glide,
He only yields as Cæsar did before,
When Tiber's torrent drove him from the shore.

The simple tale we have to tell this night,
Shews truth triumphant over ranc'rous spite,
Casts in dark shades the base defamer's part,
And crowns with just reward the liberal heart.
Oh might our efforts gain their wisht-for end,
The gay to 'muse, the faulty to amend,
Make fiction rule her thoughts by nature's laws,
And wit exert her powers in virtue's cause,
Then and then only might we claim applause.

EPILOGUE

To the same.

Spoken by Miss BETTERTON.

NOW *False Impressions* are no more in view,
Allow me to present you with the true—
A bond it is, impress'd by honor's seal,
With Truth's fair form, grav'd in perennial steel;
A bond of gratitude, to which I set
Both hand and heart to verify my debt;
And tho' in law an infant, and in merit
Poor, as heav'n knows, I am not poor in spirit;
I'll pay you when I'm able from my gains;
If you'll have patience, I'll not spare for pains.

In truth I did not seek this awful post;
No champion I to face so brave a host.
There are, who when five yawning acts are o'er,
Can tickle those same yawners till they roar;
These are the friends our prosing bard should court;
He gives soft slumbers, but they make the sport;
They have the spell to puff the stage balloon
Brim full of gas, and blow it to the moon:
Not so our poet—He accounts it right
To keep his critics ever in his sight;
Such jaunts might turn their brains, disturb their thinking,
And send them where they'd lose the art of sinking.

Rigour, when just, he can, he will endure,
The stream is bitter, but the spring is pure;
Candor, when candor haply he can meet,
Like Moses' rod, can turn the bitter sweet;
But the foul puddle, in which malice dips,
Is a dire dose—He spurns it from his lips.

He writes, because tho' writing is abus'd,
The world is not too grave to be amus'd;
He writes, and ever to some moral end,
Because the world is not too good to mend.
Soft female hearts are prone as wax to melt,
And, true or false, impressions will be felt;
Youth's yielding clay too easily receives
The featur'd stamp that cross-ey'd cunning gives:
Therefore, let her, whose dang'rous lot in life
Hangs on the balance betwixt maid and wife,
Lay those few short prescriptions to her heart,
With which the Lady Cypress clos'd her part;
For base seduction spreads on every side
His treach'rous snares to mesh th' unwary bride.
She, in whose eyes enticing Cupids play,
Gives impudence the clue, and leads the way.
What tho' the faithless husband quits her hand,
Truth, like a column, of itself can stand:
To reas'ning minds sufficient strength is giv'n,
And none but fools can charge their faults on heav'n.

WASHING DAY.

YE who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,
With bowed soul, full well ye ken the day
Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
Too soon; for to that day nor peace belongs
Nor comfort; e'er the first grey streak of dawn,
The red arm'd washers come and chace repose.
Nor pleasant smile, nor quaint device of mirth,

E'er

E'er visited that day; the very cat,
From the wet kitchen scared, and reeking hearth,
Visits the parlour an unwonted guest.
The silent breakfast meal is soon dispatch'd
Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks
Cast at the lowering sky, if sky should lower.
From that last evil, oh, preserve us heavens!
For should the skies pour down, adieu to all
Remains of quiet; then expect to hear
Of sad disasters—dirt and gravel stains
Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
Snapped short—and linen horse by dog thrown down,
And all the petty miseries of life.
Saints have been calm while stretch'd upon the rack,
And Montezuma smil'd on burning coals,
But never yet did housewife notable
Greet with a smile a rainy washing day.
—But grant the welkin fair, require not thou
Who call'st thyself perchance the master there,
Or study swept, or nicely dusted coat,
Or usual 'tendance; ask not, indiscreet,
Thy stockings mended, tho' the yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus, nor hope to find
Some snug recess impervious; should'st thou try
The customed garden walks, thine eye shall rue
The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
Myrtle or rose, all crush'd beneath the weight
Of coarse check'd apron, with impatient hand
Twitch'd off when showers impend: or crossing lines
Shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold sheet
Flaps in thy face abrupt. Woe to the friend
Whose evil stars have urged him forth to claim
On such a day the hospitable rites;
Looks, blank at best, and stinted courtesy,
Shall he receive; vainly he feeds his hopes
With dinner of roast chicken, savoury pie,
Or tart or pudding:—pudding he nor tart
That day shall eat; nor, tho' the husband try,
Mending what can't be helped, to kindle mirth
From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
Clear up propitious; the unlucky guest
In silence dines, and early slinks away.

THE ENEMIES OF FISHES,

BY MR. POPE.

A Thousand foes the finny people chace,
Nor are they safe from their own kindred race:
The Pike, fell tyrant of the liquid plain,
With rav'nous waste devours his fellow-train,
Yet, howso'er with raging famine pin'd,
The Tench he spares, a salutary kind
Hence too the Pearch, a like voracious brood,
Forbears to make this gen'rous race his food;
Tho' on the common drove no bound he finds,
But spreads unmeasur'd waste o'er all the kinds,
Nor less the greedy Trout and glutless Eel,
Incessant woes, and dire destruction deal.
The lurking water-rat in caverns preys;
And in the weeds the wilely Otter slays.
The ghastly Newt, in muddy streams annoys;
And in swift floods, the felly Snake destroys;
Toads, for the shoaling fry forsake the lawn;
And croaking Frogs, devour the tender spawn.
Neither the habitants of land nor air,
(So sure their doom) the fishy numbers spare!
The Swan, fair regent of the silver tide,
Their ranks destroys, and spreads their ruin wide:
The Duck, her offspring to the river leads,
And on the destin'd fry insatiate feeds;
On fatal wings the pouncing Bittern soars,
And wafts her prey from the defenceless shores:
The watchful Halcyons to the reeds repair,
And from their haunts the scaly captives bear:
Sharp Herns and Corm'rants too, their tribes oppress,
A harrass'd race peculiar in distress;
Nor can the Muse enumerate their foes,
Such is their fate, so various are their woes.

LINES

Copied from a Board over the Door of JOHN GROVE, *of* WHITE WALTHAM, BERKS.

JOHN Grove, Grocer, and Dealer in Coffee and Tea,
Sells the finest of Congou's and best of Bohea;
A Dealer in Coppice, a Meas'rer of Land,
Sells the finest of Snuffs, and the finest White Sand.
A Singer of Psalms, and a Scriv'ner of Money;
Collects the Land Tax, and sells fine Virgin's Honey.
A Ragman, a Carrier, a Baker of Bread,
And a Clerk to the Living, as well as the Dead:

Vestry Clerk, Petty Constable; sells Scissars and Knives,
Best Virginia, and Buckles, collects the small Tythes;
Is a Treas'rer to Clubs, and Maker of Wills;
He surveys Mens Estates, and vends Anderson's Pills.
Woollen-draper, and Hosier; sells all sorts of Shoes,
With the best Earthen Ware, also takes in the News.
Deals in Hurdles and Eggs; sells the best of Small Beer,
The finest Sea Coals, and's elected O'erseer,
Deputy Surveyor; sells fine Writing Paper;
Has a Vote for the County—and Linen-Draper.
A Dealer in Cheese, and the best Hampshire Bacon,
Plays the Fiddle divinely, if I'm not mistaken.

THE SLUGGARD AND THE SUN.

FROM RELPH'S POEMS.

SNORING in bed a Sluggard lies,
When beams the Sun upon his eyes;
Stretching, and in a pet, he wakes,
And this expostulation makes.

"What pleasure gives it, to molest,
And hinder quiet people's rest?
Thy bed, perhaps, thou can'st not keep;
But must thou then disturb our sleep?"

"No harm (the Sun replies) was meant;—
A friendly office you resent.
This fleeting LIFE is quickly o'er;
Then let me shine *in vain* no more:
Arise!—and husband well thy span:—
All CREATURES are *awake*, but MAN!"

SONG IN BLUE BEARD.

SHACABAC.

A Fond Husband will, after a conjugal strife,
Kiss, forgive, weep, and fall on the neck of his wife;
But Abomelique's wife other conduct may dread—
When he falls on her neck, 'tis to cut off her head.

How many there are, when a wife plays the fool,
Will argue the point with her calmly and cool!
The Bashaw, who don't relish debates of this sort,
Cuts the woman, as well as the argument, short.

But, whatever her errors, 'tis mighty unfair
To cut off her head, just as if 'twere all hair,
For, this truth is maintained, by Philosophers still;
That the hair grows again—but the head never will.

And, among all the basest, sure He is most base
Who can view, then demolish, a Woman's sweet face:
Her smiles might the malice of Devils disarm;
And the Devil take Him who would offer her harm!

ANOTHER.

IBRAHIM.

MAJOR Domo am I
Of this grand Family;
My word through the Castle prevails:
I'm appointed the Head
That must keep up the dread,
And the pomp, of my Son in-Laws Tails.
I strut as fine as any Macaw,
I'll change for down my bed of straw,
On perquisites I lay my paw,
I pour wine, slily, down my maw,
I stuff good victuals in my craw.
'Tis a very fine thing to be Father-in-Law
To a very magnificent three-tail'd Bashaw!

2.

The Slaves, black and white,
Of each Sex own my might;
I command full three hundred and ten.
The Females I'll kiss,
But it won't be amiss
To fright them with thumping the Men.
I strut as fine, &c.

3.

At the Head of Affairs
Turn me out, then, who dares—
Let them prove the Head pilfers and steals;
No three-tail'd Bashaw
Kicks his Father-in-Law,
And makes his Head take to his heels.
I strut as fine, &c.

PRO-

PROLOGUE

TO THE NEW COMEDY OF

THE CASTLE SPECTRE,

BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ. M. P.

Spoken by Mr. WROUGHTON.

FAR from the haunts of men, of vice the foe,
The moon-ſtruck child of genius and of woe,
Verſed in each magic ſpell, and dear to fame,
A fair enchantreſs dwells, Romance her name.
She loaths the ſun, or blazing taper's light;
The moon-beam'd landſcape and tempeſtuous night
Alone ſhe loves; and oft, with glimmering lamp,
Near graves new opened, or midſt dungeons damp,
Drear foreſts, ruin'd aiſles, and haunted towers,
Forlorn ſhe roves, and raves away the hours!
Anon, when ſtorms howl loud, and laſh the deep,
Deſperate ſhe climbs the ſea-rock's beetling ſteep;
There wildly ſtrikes her harp's fantaſtic ſtrings,
Tells to the moon how grief her boſom wrings,
And while her ſtrange ſong chaunts fictitious ills,
In wounded hearts Oblivion's balm diſtils.

A youth, who yet has lived enough to know
That life has thorns, and taſte the cup of woe,
As late near Conway's time-bow'd tow'rs he ſtray'd,
Invok'd this bright enthuſiaſt's magic aid.
His prayer was heard. With arms and boſom bare,
Eyes flaſhing fire, looſe robes, and ſtreaming hair,
Her heart all anguiſh, and her ſoul all flame,
Swift as her thoughts, the lovely maniac came!
High heav'd her breaſts, which ſtruggling paſſions rent,
As preſt to give ſome fear-fraught myſtery vent:
And oft, with anxious glance and alter'd face,
Trembling with terror, ſhe relaxed her pace,
And ſtopt! and liſtened!—Then with hurried tread
Onwards again ſhe ruſh'd, yet backwards bent her head,
As if from murderous ſwords, or following fiends ſhe fled!

Soon as near Conway's walls her footſteps drew,
She bade the youth their ancient ſtate renew;
Eager he ſped the fallen towers to rear:
'Twas done, and fancy bore the fabric here.
Next chooſing from great Shakeſpeare's comic ſchool,
The goſſip crone, groſs friar, and gibing fool,
Theſe, with a virgin fair and lover brave,
To our young author's care the enchantreſs gave;
But charged him, ere he bleſt the brave and fair,
To lay the exulting villain's boſom bare,
And by the torments of his conſcience ſhow,
That proſperous vice is but triumphant woe!

The pleaſing taſk, congenial to his ſoul,
Oft from his own ſad thoughts our author ſtole;
Bleſt be his labours, if with like ſucceſs
They ſooth their ſorrows, whom I now addreſs
Beneath this dome ſhould ſome afflicted breaſt,
Mourn ſlighted talents, or deſert oppreſt,
Falſe friendſhip, hopeleſs love, or faith betray'd;
Our author will eſteem each toil o'er paid,
If, while his muſe exerts her livelier vein,
Or tells imagined woes in plaintive ſtrain,
Her flights and fancies make one ſmile appear
On the pale cheek, where trickled late a tear,
Or if *her* fabled ſorrows ſteal one groan,
Which elſe her hearers would have given their own.

EPILOGUE

To the ſame.

BY M. G. LEWIS, ESQ. M. P.

Spoken by Mrs. JORDAN.

OSMOND by this arrived at Charon's ferry,
My honour ſaved, and dad alive and merry,

Hither

Hither I come the public doom to know,
But come not uncompell'd, the more's my woe!
E'n now, (oh! pity, friends, my hard mishap!)
My shoulder felt a Bow-street runner's tap,
Who, while I shook with fear in ev'ry limb,
Thus spoke, with accent stern and visage grim.

"Mistress!" quoth he, "to me it given in trust is,
"To bring you straight before our larned justice;
"For know, 'tis said, to-night, the whole town o'er,
"You've kill'd one Osmond, alias Barrymore."
"The fellow's mad!" 'twas thus amaz'd I spoke;
"Lord! Sir, I murdered Osmond for a joke.
"This dagger, free from blood, will make it certain,
"He died but till the prompter dropped the curtain;
"And now, well pleased to quit this scene of riot,
"The man's gone home to sup in peace and quiet!"

Finding that all I said was said in vain,
And Townshend still his first design maintain,
I thought, 'twere best to fly for shelter here,
And beg my generous friends to interfere.
But though the awkward nature of my case
May spread some slight confusion o'er my face,
No terrors awe my bosom, I'll assure ye;
Just is my cause, and English is my jury!
Besides it must appear, on explanation,
How very ticklish was my situation,
And all perforce, his crimes when I relate,
Must own that Osmond well deserved his fate.
He heeded not papa's pathetic pleading;
He stabbed mama—which was extreme ill-breeding;
And at his feet for mercy when I sued,
The odious wretch, I vow, was downright rude.
Twice his bold hands my person dared to touch!
Twice in one day!—'Twas really once too much!
And therefore justly filled with virtuous ire,
To save my honour, and protect my sire,
I drew my knife, and in his bosom stuck it;
He fell, you clapped—and then he kicked the bucket!

So perish still the wretch, whose soul can know
Selfish delight, while causing other's woe;
Who blasts that joy, the sweetest God has given,
And makes an hell, where love would make an heaven!
Forbear thou lawless libertine, nor seek
Forc'd favours on that pale averted cheek:
If thy warm kisses cost bright eyes one tear,
Kisses from loveliest lips are bought too dear,
Unless those lips with thine keep playful measure,
And that sweet tear, should be a tear of pleasure!

Now as for Osmond—at that villain's name
I feel reviving wrath my soul inflame!
And shall one short and sudden pang suffice
To clear so base a fault, so gross a vice?
No! To your bar, dear friends, for aid I fly?
Bid Osmond live again, again to die;
Nightly with plaudits loud his breath recal,
Nightly beneath my dagger see him fall,
Give him a thousand lives!—and let *me* take them all.

THE WAY TO WIN HER.

FROM the age of fifteen,
Each fair Stella is seen,
Inviting some Strephon to love,
With smiles, looks, and glances,
And loves sweetest trances,
Their conquests the surer to prove.

But when the poor rover
Is fix'd as a lover,
And sighs for the transports of joy,
They but laugh at each sigh,
And return in reply,
To fix would the pleasure destroy.

Then, ye Strephons, be wise,
Be not ta'en by surprize,
But keep the fair Stellas at bay;
And you'll find, at your ease,
You may have whom you please,
And Stella herself lead the way.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

DEPARTING Christmas bids adieu
To all the joyous, young, and gay;
But his full licence gives to you
To keep his latest holiday.

To-

To-night the plenteous board be crown'd
Large flow the bowls, and drink away;
Old Christmas bids the jest go round
On this his latest holiday.

The cake with plumbs and sweetmeats fill'd,
A moment asks your longer stay,
While wit and mirth their raptures yield
On this returning holiday.

The Kings and Queens of this gay night,
Than real Monarchs blither play,
Exhibiting a fairer sight
Than all that's rich, and all that's gay.

The prattling infant smiles to see
The sweet reward of all his play,
While parents view their progeny
With raptures on this festal day.

"Life's but a jest," the Poet cries;
Then make the most on't, you that may:
Happy shall be the good and wise
On each returning festal day!

ENGLISH BOTTOM.

A SHORT AND SIMPLE TALE.

WHEN Duncan on the briny wave,
Was battering with Mynheer:
Dick Dreadnought, like a sailor brave,
With heart estrang'd to fear;

Agile and active serv'd his gun,
With cartridge, prime, and shot;
And call'd each broadside glorious fun,
While Dutchmen went to pot.

When lo! while Dick to duty staunch,
Fac'd Death without alarm,
A splinter from the gun-wale planch,
Swept off his star-board arm.

The stump bound up, the dauntless tar
Left handed brav'd the fight;
When lo, a double-headed bar
Sent *left hand* after right.

But scarce the ligament had ty'd
The streaming arteries up;
When Dick, who Fate's decrees defy'd,
And brav'd its bitterest cup;

Seiz'd in his mouth the lighted match,
All thought of danger loathing,
Then stooping, cried, "Dear powder, catch,
"And, damme—*head or nothing*."

BRUSH.

TO A ROSE-BUSH,

PLANTED BY A DECEASED FRIEND.

ROB'D in the mantle of luxuriant Spring,
To thee the village nymphs for chaplets sue;
O'er thee the bee extends his filmy wing—
Inhales thy sweets, and drinks thy nectar'd dew.

From his high throne, the flaming Lord of Day,
Pours on thy bursting germs his fervid power;
While Zephyr, pleas'd amongst thy leaves to play,
Casts thy soft fragrance on each meaner flower.

Thy foliage shall again salute the skies;
Thou shalt not languish long in Winter's gloom:
But lifeless still thy honour'd planter lies:
The beams of Summer cannot pierce the tomb!
MAN, Lord of all beneath the reign of time,
Awaits PERFECTION in a nobler clime.

THE THRUSH.

FOUND IN THE AUTHOR'S CHAMBER, NOVEMBER 30, 1797.

POOR, trembling stranger, whither wou'd'st thou fly?
Does the unfeeling sportsman haunt thy rest?
Or seek'st thou shelter from th' inclement sky?
Or seek'st thou famish'd pangs steal thro' thy breast?

No savage heart dwells here within these walls,
No vile ambition scorns thee, tho' thou'rt poor;
Come, taste the crumbs that banish hunger's calls,
Once more be happy till the storm is o'er.

Shake off all dread, for ev'ry danger's past,
No cruel foe shall grasp thy harmless wings:
Pleas'd will I screen thee from the bitter blast,
Then freely take the mite poor fortune brings.

Know

Know, Him that makes the tender tear to flow,
Can make thee happy, free from ev'ry woe.

ROMILEY. P. LOWE.

ANACREONTIC.

TO BACCHUS.

ROSY God of ſparkling wine,
Lift me of thy mirthful train,
Bring the produce of the vine—
Mental madneſs eaſes pain!
Come, diſpel the morbid gloom
From a lover's tortur'd breaſt,
Save me from impending doom—
Wine can make the wretched bleſt!

While I toaſt my abſent laſs,
Let my raptur'd ſoul be free:
Drown my ſorrows in the glaſs,
Come again ſweet Liberty!
Frown no more, thou haughty fair,
Joy ſhall revel in my ſoul:—
Now I drink—expiring Care
Struggles in the flowing bowl.

J. COBBIN, JUN.

EPIGRAMS.

ON THE PARIS LOAN, CALLED THE LOAN UPON ENGLAND.

THE Paris Cits, a Patriotic Band,
Advance their caſh on Britiſh Freehold Land
But let the ſpeculating Rogues beware—
They've bought the *Skin*—but who's to *kill the Bear?*

DIALOGUE MATRIMONIAL WIRTEMBERGHIAN.

SAYS the Prince to the Princeſs, "I burn "with deſire."
"In that caſe," ſays the Princeſs, "*the* "*fat's in the fire.*"

WAXEN BOSOMS:

HIS Chloe's breaſt the Bard of old
Compar'd to hills of ſnow:—
As white as they, and, ah as cold,
The fair one made him know!
Behold the changes time has wrought—
How *modern* maids relax:
What once was ice or marble thought
Is turn'd to *yielding* wax!

DEAD MENS' WIT, A HINT FOR THE LIVING.

WHEN Pitt's noble father in Parliament ſat,
Whoſe diſcourſe on all ſubjects was pointed and pat;
He one day a moſt flaming philippic let fly,
At Prieſts, who in pride, Peers and Commons outvie;
While their av'rice was ſuch, that their country might ſink
Under foreign attacks, e're they'd part with their chink,

And when beetle-brow'd Warburton, Prelate of Gloſter,
Sticking both arms akimbo, in Billingſgate poſture,
Aſked "When he'd leave preaching?"—
Quoth Chatham, unpuzzl'd,
"My Lord, when, like you, with a mitre I'm muzzl'd."

BRUSH.

LADIES WIGS.

The public prints, all muſt agree,
Their utmoſt length have run,
About a wig—and that d'ye ſee,
The wig of *Betterton!**

Ladies, no doubt, theſe wigs will wear,
For ſure their hearts they've won:
But we would ſee the natural hair,
And that—in better-*ton.*

R.

* Miſs Betterton, of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden.